THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BOYNE WATER.

The "Great Battle" a Historical Fiction—It Was Merely an Affair of Outposts, Feebly Urged.

Gallant Disposition of the Irish Army so Badly Led.

Among the manuscripts belonging to the Earls of Fingall, which used to be preserved in Killeen Castle, was one of more than ordinary interest, and which has been more than once referred to and described by Irish historians. Probably the fullest and most accurate account of its contents which has been published is that which, in 1886, Dr. John T. Gilbert gave in the tenth report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The document to which we refer is generally styled, for shortness, "A Light to the Blind," but the full title of which runs as follows: "A Light to the Blind, whereby they may See the . . Dethronement of J(amei) the Second, King of England; with (a Br)ief Narrative of his Warr in Ireland, and of the Warr (Between) the Emperor and the King of (France) for the Crown of Spain. Anno 1711."

AN UNKNOWN HISTORIAN OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The authorship of "A Light for the Blind" is lost in mystery, and is likely to remain hidden. On this point Dr. Gilbert, in the report referred to, wrote:

"The late Sir William Wilde n 1859 submitted a notice of the 'Light to the Blind' to the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. This communication was not printed, but a brief abstract of it was given in a Dublin newspaper of the time. In this the following passages appear in a letter addressed in June, 1859, by the Earl of Fingall to Sir William Wilde in relation to the manuscript of the 'Light to the Blind':

"'It was evident that the author was an enthusiastic and devoted admirer of King James, and very probably a follower of his fortunes. As to your inquiry respecting the traditions of the manuscript in our family, I am sorry I can give you very little information I can remember in my father's time it was looked upon as a valuable and curious work, and shown as such in the library (in Killeen Castle.) I have always heard that it was written by Nicholas Plunkett, an eminent lawyer of the time, but of what precise branch of that family, or how it came into the possession of this house, I do not know.'"

SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF KING WILLIAM'S FORCES IN IRELAND.

The name of the writer, however, is of little moment. What is of importance is the fact that internal evidences very clearly attest that he was an eyewitness of many of the occurrences which he recorded.

This is a fact which appears unmistakable in his description of the Battle of the Boyne, and which, more than anything else which has ever been written, enables us to understand how little wonderful it was that the Prince of Orange triumphed in the famous conflict on the banks of that river. The simple truth is that the army of King James was hopelessly outnumbered, as well as outmanœuvred from the first. The writer of "A Light for the Blind" says:

"The Prince of Orange with fayr troops embarked at High Lake, in Lancashire, on the 11th of June (1690) and on the 14th he landed at Carigfergus. He joyned immediately Mareshal Schomberg, by which conjunction there was an army made up of 36,000 chosen men, of which 14,000 were hors; most veterans, Danes, Germans, French, Dutch, English, Scotts and Irish Protestants, well payd, well cloathed, with a numerous artillery. With the Prince of Orange, and in some tyme before, came Prince George of Denmark, the Duke of Wirtemberg, general of the Danes, the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, the Lord Dowglass, the Count de Nassau, the Duke of Ormond, Baron de Ginkle, Count de Solmes, Lieut.-Gen. Macay, Maj.-Gen Scravenmore, Maj.-Gen. Talmash, Monsieur d'Oyerkirk, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Portland, the Earl of Scarborough, the Earl of Manchester, the Lord Sidney, and others of quality out of England, all zealots for the cause."

UNFAVORABE POSITION OF JAMES' ARMY.

The writer from whom we quote guards himself against all exaggeration, mentioning only to repudiate them various statements which were circulated to the effect that the troops of William numbered some 50,000 or more, and adhering steadfastly to the assertion that the Dutch Prince's army on the day of the battle counted up some 30,000 men. Opposed to these King James had not more than 26,000, and on the actual occasion of the crossing of the Boyne it is perfectly safe to say that not more than half of these can have actually taken part in the action. Any one who knows the Boyne and the actual scene of the passage of the river will realize that in the days of defective firearms in which the battle was fought 26,000 men could not possibly have been manœuvred with advantage for the defense of the famous ford. A couple of thousand soldiers would have been nearly as effective for the work which had to be accomplished as the entire 26,000, who, if massed in force, would have become simply a prey for English cannon, and who, if placed in modern strategic position—in which alone such a number of men could possibly be usefully employed—could hurt nobody because of their antique weapons. The author of the tract from which we quote, describing James' army says:

"His Majesty had but eight regiments and two troops of guards, though a most excellent core; three regiments of which—viz., of Tyrconnell, Galmoy, and Sarcefield, could hardly be matcht. The king had also seven of dragoons and fifty of foot, besides the five regiments he had sent to France, in whose place he receaved six French. Yett of these bodyes of men, the king had not in the field against the prince, the day of the Boyn, but 26,000, French and all; the rest being in garrisons; and his train of artillery was not above eighteen small pieces, of which twelve belonged to the French brigade."

INEFFICIENCY OF KING JAMES AS A LEADER.

The writer of "A Light for the Blind" is justifiably strong in his censure of James for his entire neglect of proper effort to strengthen and sustain his position. After describing the king's retreat from Dundalk towards Dublin he tells how the foot crossed the Boyne through Drogheda and the cavalry by the self-same ford at Old Bridge, which William was soon to utilize, and in doing this he comments bitterly on the folly which omitted to raise entrenchments along the river, "which might have been done in the space of three howers by three hundred pioneers."

HE MANAGED THE BATTLE BADLY.

Not less stupid was the conduct of the supposed great battle itself. No real effort was made to bring the king's forces into action at all. The words which we italicize in the following quotation bring out this fact very clearly:

"The king observing the prince to attempt a trajection, commanded his army to halt and face to the enemy, which they did; and prepared themselves to fight upon the passage of the river. But alas! they were deceaved in their expectatian, *for there was no battle;* because they were not brought to combat. *There was onely a skirmish in passing the waters between a party of theirs, and the whole army of Orange.* And because this party did not keep all the hostil troops beyond the flood, the king's host must marche away, and leave the pass to the foe. If there was a settled resolution to fight, why was not the army led down in two wings to the river with their field pieces, as they saw the enemy's forces divided; and there to stand it out for two or three howers? The hostil canon could not much annoy the Irish, as being mounted upon an overlookeing ground; while the Irish artillery might play without obstruction in the faces and flanks of the enemyes, as they were descending to the river and crossing it. I am confident by the knowledge I have of the loyal troops, and of their eagerness for fighting that day, if they had been managed, as aforesaid, the Prince of Orange would not have persisted in traversing the water at such disadvantage, as violent as he was for approaching to Dublin."

GOOD SOLDIERS BADLY LED.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, were there not wanting incidents before the battle ended which showed what good fighting material was in James' army, if only it had got fair play. For instance, we are told that:

"As the King departed, the army began their retreat towards the bourg of Duleek. The left wing with the centre went off first; which left wing was posted over against the ford of Rossnaree, the pass being first forced. The French brigade of foot marched in the rear of the centre, bringing along with them their cannon; by the help of which they covered the infantry, while the horse on the said left gave their assistance. The seven regiments of Irish foot, which guarded the great forde of Ould Bridge, not being supported by horse were also forced to retreat; but were in danger to be intercepted by such of the enemyes, as had traversed first the river, before they joyned their main army; which the Duke of Tyrconnell, from the right, perceaving, flew with his regiment of horse to their rescue; as did the Duke of Berwick with the two troops of guards: as did Collonell Parker with his regiment of horse; and Collonell Sutherland with his. It was Tyrconnell's fortune to charge first the blew regiments of foot guards to the Prince of Orange; and he pierced thro'. He presently after engaged the Enniskillen horse bould troopers. At the same tyme the two troops of guards, and the other two regiments of Irssh horse signalized themselves and were bravely opposed by their enemyes."

SCHOMBERG'S SLAYER.

Furthermore, we have an account of the death of Marshal Schomberg which differs materially from that generally accepted:

"'Twas during these encounters that one Master Bryen O'Tool, of the guards, discovering his former acquaintance, Marshal Schomberg, near the village of Ouldbridge, resolved to sacrifice his life to the makeing him away, upon which he, with a few of the guards, and a few of Tyrconnell's horse, made up to him; and O'Tool with his pistol shott the Marshall dead. But, soon after, fighting like a lyon he was slayn."

THE RETREAT OF THE JACOBIN ARMY.

What the cost of their victory was to the enemy and what followed after the battle, the old writer tells in the following words:

"Of the enemyes there was slayn, as above said, Mareshal de Schomberg, a most expert general, as the Mareshals of France usually are; which was a sensible loss to his own side. This great commander having been dismissed by the Most Christian king, because he would not conform to the Catholick religion, he came to Holland, where he engaged in the Prince of Orange his service, as that Prince was preparing to invade England. His body was brought from the Boyne to Dublin, and interred in the Cathedral church of that city. Colonel de la Callmots, brother of the Marquis of Rouvigny, alias Earl of Galway, was mortally wounded, and dyed in a few days after. The minister, Doctor Walker, who had been one of the governors of Londonderry against the beleagur of the Irish, as above mentioned, was here also slain with some other officers, and about a thousand private men. The tents and the baggage of the Irish for the most part were taken. The army of Orange lay that night upon their arms at Duleek, leaving left their tents standing beyond the Boyn. The Irish army receaving orders from the Duke of Tyrconnell to march unto the city of Lymerick in the province of Munster, they crossed the river Liffey that night at Leixlip, and at Chappel izard. The next day they marched forward to Rathcool to the Naace, to Castledermot, thro' Carlow, thro' Kilkinney, till they arrived at the said Lymerick in the marche of fifteen days. There followed them a great number of gentlemen who had no military employments, and of the clergy; of farmers and tradesmen; as also of ladyes, and inferior women with their children; they having an aversion to stay at home under the ordinary comportment of an heretical or infidel army The enemy afterwards plundered their howses; took away what cattle was left behind; and seized on their estates and farms. The enemy also committed ('tis a certain truth) some murders in the county of Westmeath, and in the King's county. It is well that the Atheists did no more harm."

Muzzled though he was, the Irish wolfdog had fleshed his fangs to some degree by the ruddy waters of the Boyne.—*Irish Catholic.*

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Lanigan, wife of Mr. Michael Lanigan, one of the old settlers of Cook county, died at her residence, at Riverside, Ills., on April 18, of general debility, aged 75 years. Mrs. Lanigan was born at Daly Hill, county Kilkenny, Ireland; her maiden name was Stone, and one of the oldest and most respected families in that county. She was possessed of all the noble traits of the women of her race, and was the soul of good nature and hospitality, and had a large circle of friends. Mrs. Lanigan was a devout worshipper of the Catholic church. She leaves four married children: Mrs. Con Sullivan, of Riverside; Mrs. Hatton, of the North Side; John and James Lanigan, in Clonmel, county Tipperary, Ireland. The funeral services were held at the residence, owing to the length of the distance to the church and the bad roads in that locality. The Rev. Dr. Burke paid a fitting eulogy to her many virtues and exemplary life as a wife, mother and a kind christian lady. After the services the funeral cortege proceeded to the Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, and thence by cars to Calvary cemetery. The Rev. Father Waldron, who attended the funeral, performed the last rites at the grave.

Mr. Parnell's Grave.

The Ladies' Committee for the care and decoration of Mr. Parnell's grave, held their usual monthly meeting at the offices of the National League, Dublin, on April 10. The ladies of the committee have now undertaken to erect a railing around the Parnell circle to replace the unsightly rope which has too long surrounded the resting place of the Chief. The Cemetery Committee have kindly given permission to have the railing erected, and the railings, which have been made by Mr. Fagan of Brunswick street, are ready for erection. The cost will be about £400, and the ladies have undertaken to collect that amount. They hope for prompt assistance in the work they have undertaken. During the past month flowers have been sent by Miss Kirk, Clogher Head; Miss Barry, Miss Reddin and Miss Lalor, Cavendish row. A cross of beautiful white exotics was laid upon the grave at Easter by some kind and unknown friend.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 17, A. O. H., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed from the scene of His temporal labors our beloved and esteemed brother Peter Leddy, and

WHEREAS, By his death the Ancient Order of Hiberninans of Chicago have lost a true and steadfast friend, Division No. 17 an honest and upright member, and his wife and family an estimable and devoted husband and a kind and loving father; be it therefore

Resolved, That while humbly bowing to the will of God, we deem it but a just tribute to the memory of our departed brother to say that in deploring his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was not alone a credit and an ornament to our noble and illustrious Order, but for one who was an honored and respected citizen of his adopted country, and an implacable and uncompromising foe to the enemies of Irish nationality.

Resolved, That we tender his bereaved wife and sorrowing family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our meeting, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and to THE CITIZEN for publication.

P. B. Flanagan, M. S. Finegan and P. J. O'Brien, committee.

"Brace up" is a tantalizing admonition to those who feel all tired out, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is wonderful.

Best family cathartic, Hood's Pills.

BARD OF BALTIMORE,

Otherwise Known as Eugene Davis, the Poet, Author and Journalist.

His Birth, Education, Family and Experiences as a Student and a Writer.

Near the Four Courts stands the Angel. A by-path connects this old inn with the home of Irish law. This path is well known to the curly-headed barristers, who have looped their togas around their waists, make a sudden sally, between acts (for the charge of his lordship is decidedly dramatic), to the better loved bar in the Angel. There a rosy-faced, smiling damsel, with wonderful dexterity, is ready to open any case at the pleader's call. For a limited number, she will even open cases reserved for years. It was a dreary winter's evening, such a one as can only be indigenous to Erin, that found the writer on this much frequented path, wending his way to mine host of the Angel. For a few hours he had patiently listened to the vituperation of the Irish peasant from an Irish Bench, and by a time serving Irish judge known to disreputable notoriety as "Payter the Snob." This soulless monologue ended, the writer found himself in the company of a few barristers, condemning this most shameful prostitution of the Bench for political purposes. The invitation to take the path succeeded, and in a few minutes he stood gazing at the chalk angels holding lamps, twin guard of the second story of the Angel. The barristers, having quenched their thirst, returned to hear Councillor Walker while I, mindful of the fact that I had a note of introduction to a gentleman at this inn, fumbled in my pocket for the precious document. Curled up amid a mass of other introductory matter I found it. The address was simple: Eugene Davis, Esq., Angel Hotel, Dublin. How I came to have that letter takes me back to another continent. Was I not afraid of being called a plagiarist I might follow electric Corelli and call this paper "A Romance of Two Continents."

A year previous to my visit to the Angel, to the newspaper man, I had formed one of a party that met at the house of a civil engineer in West Philadelphia to have a pleasant chat. The engineer claimed that he was an exile, driven from his native isle by the nefarious cruelty of the English government. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, quick in perception and keen of tongue. He was well versed in general literature, but particularly so in that of his own country. From the works of the greatest, as well as from the works of the least of his land, he could quote for hours. His quotations were not of the common kind, drawn from choice selections and marked trite, but were sparkling, apt, choicely gifted to the matter in hand, and used with the consummate skill of an illustrator to enhance the text. One of his citations curiously caught my fancy. I asked who was the original giver of this ware, and was told that it was Eugene Davis, just then of Paris, but like all Bohemians, of Cosmopolis. The engineer, who had known Davis in Paris and Lausanne, read me many tiny poems from the same hand, and showed me a few MSS verses given to him by the bard. Before leaving for the United States I had read that Davis was in Dublin, and hastened to procure a letter of introduction, not from the engineer, for reasons that are well known to those intimate with inner Irish affairs, but from my journalistic friend, who had in the meantime formed a letter acquaintance with Davis. This was the curled, crumpled letter I held in my hand as I saluted mine jolly host of the Angel.

"Does Eugene Davis live here?" I asked.

"Take this gentleman to Mr. Davis' room," said mine host. A porter, cheery-faced, and roguish-eyed, led the way, I saluted the twin chalk sentinels, turned to the right and clambered up another flight of stairs. "Here is what you are after" said the porter, knocking with his knuckles on the door. "Push" said a strong voice from within. The word suited my action. The door fell back on its hinges, and I was in company of two men. "Mr. Davis here?" and I held out my hand with the letter. One of the gentleman arose, a veritable giant in form, and took the letter from my hand. I could not help muttering to myself, Eugene Davis, six feet, an Irish Hercules. "I am Davis," said the big man, and then came the kindly hand shake, and the warm smile, that could only come from a loving nature. His companion was Frank MacDonagh, then on the staff of the *Irish Catholic*, now whittling away his health and rare gifts in the daily drudgery of the London press. The career of his companion had been one of activity and excitement. Like a true inhabitant of Cosmopolis he was at home in the capitals of many lands. In Paris he talked of a future Irish republic with Stephens or Tevis Carrol, sipped his wine and ate his hard-baked bun at the Irish tavern in the Rue Royal, near the Madelaine, the favorite haunt of the Donovans, Sheas and other well known sons of Bohemia. In Lausanne he wandered around the charming lake, made famous by the fat, short Englishman, who wrote the decline and fall of the Roman Empire to fill up a gap in the world's history. In Rome he was interested in the church made famous to his countrymen by the ill-rewarded labors of his friend Father Meehan. To his mind it was rare luck that gave him the knowledge of how Shandon Bells was written by Prout. With a merry twinkle of the eye, that self-satisfying expression of having a good thing to say, he would tell how the young Prout, in the old Irish College, after a more than ordinary appetizing dinner, lay down to take his siesta. Stomach plays a leading part in the drama siesta. On this particular afternoon, like many of our modern players Mr. S. felt slightly indisposed, and as a consequence the drama was postponed. To fill the siesta time Prout composed his Shandon Bells and wrote it on the wall above his bed. Like many another production destined to live, it was the work of a few moments, while the patient labor of years, hardly survives the toiler. Who reads now-a-days the far fetched wit of Prout, or marvels at his ill-balanced scholarship? That careless snatch of melody; the effect of a good dinner, will alone save him from literary death. It is not the reliques, but Shandon Bells that takes many a traveler, to the little Shandon churchyard to

Mark where beneath thy verdant sod
be deep, unurn'd,
The bones of Prout.

Davis found enjoyment in Cordiettis where a few of the exiled air their opinions on all sorts of things and on all conditions of men. There dines Baumgartner, the Cahenslyite envoy, and writer for a small German weekly, ready to show his ignorance on every subject connected with America, full of chit-chat and amiability, a willing cicerone to the lady globe-trotting American. There sits his friend Keating of the *Catholic Times*, a genial sunny man, whose opinion spasmodic Stead considered worth paying for in the *Pall Mall*. Opposite a talkative woman, writer of "Roman News" the most imaginative occupation connected with the press. On her right sits Connellan, he of the Italian, in the mellow Munster rogue, full of anecdotes and contradictions. Woe to the Vatican if she took a step without consulting this irascible Irishman. Near to him, sits the scholarly Roche, a man of vast erudition, but with the simplicity of a child, and a heart soft as a woman. Davis has recorded his pleasure in this society. It was truly Cosmopolis with its queer but enticing wits, such wanderings amid such scenes, to a nature like Davis could only confirm his adhesion to his first love Literature, a love that he had contrived to woo under many difficulties, as may be gleaned from the meagre sketch of his life that follows:

Eugene Davis was born thirty-six years ago in the county Cork, at an easy distance from the birthplace of his great namesake. He came of a family literary in its instincts. His half-brother was the well known Father Davis of Baltimore, whose philanthropical labors on behalf of Irish fishermen have given him world renown. This good man edited the American edition of the "Sermons and Lectures" of his friend Rev. M. Buckley, besides now and then cultivating the muse *a la* Praed. Eugene was sent to school at an early age, the desire of his people being that at some distant day he would follow his brother's footsteps and become an honored clergyman in his church. The usual preparatory studies finished, Davis crossed the channel to study philosophy and theology in the great school of Olier, St. Sulpice. The whisperings of a want of a vocation that had now and then haunted him in Ireland took shape in St. Sulpice. He was not called, and he knew the penalty of those who enter the sanctuary unasked. He followed the only course left an honest man, and bade adieu to St. Sulpice. His bread struggle, at this period, would be an interesting article from his pen. Such struggles must always be auto-biographical. The well-fed stranger, in his cozy room cannot enter into the feelings of the habitant of a garret, and the consumer of dry bread. He would be lacking in atmosphere. What was formerly his amusement became his life work. The student of St. Sulpice became a busy journalist. It was in this capacity that he wandered over Europe, crystalizing his impressions in a delightful pamphlet published by the *Freeman's Journal*. Most of this pamphlet was published by American weeklies as the work of somebody—name unknown. Of his continental impressions an unwritten one is the most vivid. In his younger days, as Red Hugh, he had contributed to the Poet's Corner of the *Irishman*, then edited by Pigott. Pigott was kind to the lad; wrote a letter of appreciation, and even went further in his esteem by paying for his contributions. Davis, as was natural, thought Pigott a good man, a patron of Irish literature, that *rara avis* of modern Ireland. One morning as Mr. Davis was asking himself why a country calling itself a Republic, and boasting of liberty of speech, could banish him from its capital, Paris, and take so much fatherly trouble to conduct him across its frontier line, his door opened, and the porter handed him a card. His meditation on the inconsistencies of a country, that knows no difference between despotism and anarchy was abruptly finished as he read the name, Pigott. "Send him up," he remarked to the porter, and soon the wrecker of the *Times*, and the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories held his hand. Anger, selfishness, revenge, low-cunning, honey-deceit were all embodied in that face. His plan of campaign, to ruin Parnell and his cause, were quickly unfolded baited with gold. The poor journalist was unpurchasable. When the true history of these times will be written, Davis will play no unimportant role in the discovery and discomfiture of Pigott's treachery. As it is a few men, merely demagogues, strut the stage saying, We are the deliverers. After this interview Davis returned to Ireland, found rooms at the Angel where we met him with his friend McDonagh and became the last editor of Duffy's *Nation*. The *Nation* was then in the last stage of its earthly career. It had fulfilled its mission, and that done, no man, not even a Davis with his wide experience, and ready pen, could keep it alive. Some of his contributions to the *Nation*, notably those of a literary character, are well worth gleaning, and fit for a volume in Sir Charles' contemplated library than his wild rose of a forgotten past. The sketch of Rosa Mulholland brought Davis a letter of good will from that charming authoress. For the past few years Davis has been a resident of Boston, and a resident writer for the American press. It is to be regretted that a man of his talents must needs be the journalist of the passing day.—*Walter Leckey, in True Witness.*

THE EARL AND LADY ABERDEEN.

[*Detroit Tribune, April 30*]

Shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday morning a number of prominent citizens congregated at the Michigan Central depot. They were all Irish either by birth or extraction. Among the number were Bishop Foley, O'Brien Atkinson, C. C. Sheehy, Michael Brennan, William Dwyer, Patrick Dee, F. P. Byrne, Charles J. O'Malley, Douglas Sullivan and W. J. Dawson. Mrs. Jeremiah Dwyer and Mrs. F. P. Byrne were the only ladies in the assembly. That the gathering had more than ordinary significance was evident from the profusion of summer roses which weighted down baskets borne by several of the gentlemen. The object of the assembly was soon disclosed when the New York and Chicago express backed into the depot at 9:15.

On board the train was the great benefactress of Ireland, the Countess of Aberdeen, and her husband, John Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen and ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The distinguished visitors were on their way to Chicago where Lady Aberdeen will personally superintend the Irish industrial exhibit and attend to the affairs of the Irish village which is to be located there. Accompanying the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen were Miss Josephine Sullivan of Dublin, and Miss Kathleen Erin Emmet of New York. The first named young lady is a daughter of the late Alexander M. Sullivan, the eminent Irish author, orator and patriot. Miss Sullivan is to play the "Harp of Erin" at the World's Fair, and as she has already won an almost world wide reputation as the representative harpest of Ireland, she will lend additional attraction to the Irish village. Miss Emmet joined the party at New York. She is the daughter of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet and a descendant of the Irish patriot-martyr, Robert Emmet.

When the train had backed in the ladies and gentlemen who came to greet the visitors mounted the platform, and were introduced to the Aberdeen party by Douglas Sullivan of this city. Bishop Foley on behalf of the Irish-Americans of Detroit presented Lady Aberdeen with a basket of beautiful roses, and in doing so he spoke briefly as follows: "Lady Aberdeen, you are endeared to the Irish race the world over as a benefactress of the land of our kith and kindred owing to the generous aid you have given to the movement for the development of Irish industries, and the manner in which you have devoted yourself to the success of the Irish exhibit at the World's Fair. We bid you God speed and we are only sorry that we cannot show you our magnificent city of which we are so proud. On behalf of the Irishmen of Detroit I present to you these flowers."

When the Bishop concluded the Earl of Aberdeen rose and spoke as follows: "Lady Aberdeen has deputed me to reply to your cordial welcome. There is one reason why I am glad she asked me to respond and that is if she responded herself she would disclaim all the merit in connection with the Irish industrial movement which the Bishop has so kindly mentioned as being due to her. She has for several years devoted much to the development of those industries which, owing to misrule and British oppression, have been strangled in Ireland. These industries are, however, I am happy to say, reviving, and after the exhibit at the World's Fair is seen I feel confident for the future of Irish enterprise. I am not surprised that Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen still remember the cradle of their race. Beautiful little Erin is worthy of the love of her children and her children's children. A brighter future is about to dawn upon her which I hope we will all live to see. We are bound for Chicago to attend to the interests of Lady Aberdeen's own creation, 'The Irish Village.' We hope to see you all there. You will see many things of interest to the Irish race in the Irish exhibit, and we are accompanied by a lady who is unequaled as a performer on the Irish harp. When you go to the fair you will, I am sure, admit that Miss Sullivan's music is one of the most attractive features of the Irish department. I will not detain you longer."

As his lordship resumed his seat Lady Aberdeen expressed the hope that every Irish-American would endeavor to see her village. To her ladyship's expressed desire W. J. Dawson responded by saying that "the invitation was unnecessary, as the newspapers published the fact that fifty of Erin's most beautiful daughters were already in Chicago presiding over the destinies of the village." At this point the train began to move and the welcoming deputation said good bye to the party.

On the train were two large boxes of Irish shamrocks. "We had ten," said Lord Aberdeen, "but coming over on the Teutonic we lost eight of them during a frightful storm. On that night a sailor was swept overboard and never seen again. Several passengers were partially disabled."

"What do you think of the prospects for Home Rule passing the lords?" was asked.

"Oh, it can't pass the lords as the house is now constituted," said the Earl, "but Gladstone can create as many Liberal peers as he wishes and then go to the country. On his return to power he will have the lords and commons with him beyond all doubt."

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver, "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"The Albanach! the Albanach!" rang the united exclamation of many voices.

Manor-Hamilton castle was visible, and in a field adjacent was a crowd of men, which increased every moment. The castle portal was open, and there was a continual flitting in and out of figures—figures of armed Puritans, on whose helmets and corselets the sunrays caught many a sparkling point. It was evident from their confusion that the coming of the Irish had taken them quite by surprise; but they were very soon drawn up in a rude order of battle confronting their enemies. They were all on foot, no cavalry being visible among them. They awaited the Irish attack in a steady, silent array for a short time, but suddenly faced to the left and commenced a rapid march quite away from the castle.

"What means this?" ejaculated Taafe, in surprise.

The answer soon came.

"Ho, Colonel," cried one of the Irish scouts, riding furiously up, "there are about two dozen of the Albanach's horses and many head of kine grazing two miles hence, guarded by about a hundred men away yonder in the valley."

And he pointed in the direction in which the Puritans were marching.

"Ha, they mean to unite their forces: we must prevent that," said Taaffe.

"Ay," exclaimed MacDonogh; "and to do so we must after them with speed. Throw out a party of pursuit, O'Dowda, and press on at the double with your division. We will support you."

The Puritans, hotly followed, were brought to bay on the crest of a hill, where they took a very advantageous position. Behind them, parallel with their line, ran an earthen wall, or "ditch," (so-called); their flanks were protected by inequalities of the ground, and along the base of the hill below them ran a deep and swollen stream, spanned by a narrow, rustic bridge.

"Farrah! farrah! attack, attack!" shouted the insurgents, ardent for the fray, as soon as they were brought to a halt at the foot of the hill occupied by their enemies; and the Irish leaders at once set about preparing for battle.

They divided their force, which was less than 200 men, into three columns, assigning each column a proportionate number of musketeers, the latter numbering about a hundred. MacDonogh held command of the first column, O'Dowda of the second, and Captain William Tyrrell of the third. In this order the Irish advanced against the Puritan array. They crossed the river by the bridge, across which MacDonogh was the first to pass, without any casuality, manœuvred on the bank in order to present a full front to the enemy, and advanced steadily up the hill. MacDonogh had dismounted from his horse, several of his brother officers following his example, and sword in hand encouraging their men to the charge.

A volley burst from the Puritan line. It was now, as the hail of bullets hurled through their ranks, placing many men *hors de combat*, that the insurgents betrayed their want of steady discipline. Irritated by the galling fire of the enemy, the Irish troops broke their ranks and charged up the hill in a loose, impetuous body, their musketeers opening a scattered and irregular fusilade, and their pikemen, their weapons to the charge, rushing upwards with fierce battle cries.

Suddenly, as the Irish came eagerly up the slope, the Puritan line broke and fled, Hamilton and his men leaping over the ditch that crossed the top of the hill; so that in a minute the Irish saw no trace of an enemy save the bodies of those who had fallen beneath their fire.

"Victory! Hurrah!"—and the insurgents, gaining the crest of the hill, rushed towards the ditch stretching along in front.

But instantly along this ditch ran a line of smoke and flame, as the reports of a hundred muskets belching forth death rang on the air. A terrific death-storm swept through the Irish masses, levelling several men to the ground, and throwing the whole force into confusion. The Irish wavered, and ere they could recover from the effects of their surprise, there was a second roll of musketry on their left flank, and another deadly tempest of lead whistled through their midst. It came from a fresh body of Hamilton's men—that which had been guarding his cattle some distance off and which had now arrived in time to participate in the fight.

"Steady, men, steady—charge!" cried Col. MacDonogh, waving his sword. But in vain. For now on the wavering Irish, front and flank, the exulting Hamilton hurled his masses of pikemen, who charged the Irish with the utmost fierceness and ardor. For a few minutes a combat, sharp and furious, raged on the crest of the hill, when a Puritan leader, one John Cunningham, was mortally wounded; and then the insurgents, hopeless and panic-stricken, began to retreat in wild confusion, notwithstanding the valiant efforts made by their leaders to rally them.

"Fight! fight! Tieragh to the rescue!" Edmund O'Tracy heard a hoarse, familiar voice shout the words, and at that instant he saw the herculean frame of O'Dowda towering in the midst of the terrible melee that raged on the hill-crest. The doughty sergeant-major's features were begrimmed with blood and powder, and the large falchion he was weilding with deadly effect was red from hilt to point. In a moment he had lost sight of him, but in the next he caught sight of another leader (MacDonogh) closely engaged in the thick of the fray, and making a fierce and valiant struggle against overwhelming odds.

"Strike, comrades! strike for the old country!" cried the Colonel, who was fighting bareheaded, sword in hand; and his voice rang high above the din of conflict. As he spoke, he with difficulty parried the thrusts of a number of the Puritan pikemen who were lunging at him furiously with their long weapons.

"Rescue the colonel!" sang out O'Tracy, and he began to force his way forward to the support of the almost overpowered officer. But that moment there was a sudden rush, and Edmund found himself engaged face to face with the enemy's pikemen. He immediately received a deep thrust in the shoulder, but requited the giver with a slash across the fingers. Turning aside the bristling pikes, he looked for MacDonogh, and saw the latter, who had been wounded by a musket-shot in the leg, fighting desperately on his knees, and heard him still calling on his men to rally and charge. Again O'Tracy sought to cut his way to the Colonel's rescue, but scarce had he moved a yard towards him when he saw a Puritan present his piece and shoot the brave man through the head.

With the Colonel's death virtually ended the battle. The fatal shot was hardly fired when O'Tracy felt himself borne down the hill, in spite of his struggles, in the midst of a demoralized multitude of fleeing insurgents. Almost immediately, he found himself precipitated into the river running at the foot, from which he drew himself with difficulty. The solitary little bridge had given way beneath the pressure of the flying masses, and many of the insurgents were drowned in the swollen stream, into which they shoved each other in their flight. Hamilton did not pursue the retreating Irish, of whom, he alleged, upwards of sixty perished on the occasion.

CHAPTER XVII.

OWEN ROE—A DUEL INTERRUPTED.

Owen Roe, our own O'Neill,
He treads once more our land;
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand!".

On a bright summer day, not many months after the Irish defeat described in the preceding chapter, an animated scene took place in the immediate neighborhood of the castle of Dromahaire. For many days previously, the rumor that the Irish army of Ulster was about to be quartered in the locality for the season's training and organization, had been widely circulated among the people of Leitrim; and now that the particular day named for the army's coming at hand, a numerous crowd was assembled on the wide lawn in front of the hoary stronghold of the O'Rourkes, to bid the soldiers of the confederation a hearty *cead mile failte* to West Breffny. Beside the dense crowd of excited peasantry, some hundreds of the Irish troops of North Connacht held possession of the green, on which they were drawn up, both infantry and cavalry, in two long columns, the pikes and muskets of O'Connor Sligo's man shining alongside of those of O'Rourke's stalwart Breffnians.

It was noonday as an *avant courier* was observed approaching in hot haste on the road leading eastward through Killargy to the county Cavan, and a loud murmur of excited comment ran through the assembled multitude as the solitary horseman rode forward to the spot where Owen O'Rourke, Teige O'Connor Sligo, and other chieftains of the county sat on horseback.

Soon afterwards a cloud of dust appeared on the same road, and the helmets and breastplates of a troop of cavalry became visible. On they came at a rapid trot, a dashing set of brave fellows, tolerably well armed and accoutred, and mounted on very active horses, well adapted for the perpetual scouting and guerilla warfare then practiced by the commander of the Ulster army. They were headed by an officer of herculean frame, mounted on a splendid black charger, and Edmund O'Tracy, from his post by his foster father's side, recognized both horse and rider in an instant. The officer was no other than the redoubtable Miles the Slasher.

"My faith, but I rejoice to see you look so well, gossip," exclaimed the stalwart O'Reilly, as he responded cordially to the welcome of the lord of Dromahaire; "and the sight of those stout clansmen of yours reminds me of the old days. There's good material here, tierna, and, by the sword of the great Gollamh, we'll make right good *suidhcaras* of your men ere long."

"Here's a former acquaintance of yours," said Owen O'Rourke, smiling, as he pointed to Edmund; "perhaps you've forgotten him?"

"What, my sprig of valor, is it you?" said the Slasher, as he caught sight of O'Tracy;—"forget him, gossip!—no no; we've ridden too far together for that—eh, my trooper? Well, I'm right glad to meet you once more, Emon O'Tracy; you see I can remember names pretty well."

He wrung our hero's hand warmly.

"Emon O'Tracy," hastily muttered one of the Slasher's dragoons, a tall and powerfully built man, who eyed Edmund stealthily with a very black look indeed, continuing his scrutiny for several minutes.

"I suppose your main body is nigh at hand, Colonel?" inquired Owen O'Rourke.

"Ay," responded Miles O'Reilly: "at least they're not far in our rear; see, there come their forerunners."

And he laughed as he pointed in the direction he and his troop had come. All eyes were instantly turned to that quarter, in which a very curious spectacle now presented itself.

Forth from a dense cloud of dust came the thunderous beat of thousands of hoofs, mingled with the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, the shouting of men, and the barking of dogs. Herd after herd of Irish cattle—lively little kine, with long, polished horns, and dark, shaggy hides—came on in a seemingly interminable succession, mingled with several large flocks of mountain sheep, all driven and guarded by a great number of rough looking, agile, and powerful men, whose wives and families, in many picturesque groups and clusters, followed. These were the celebrated creaghts of Ulster, hardly mountaineers who led a rude, primitive, and nomadic existence—something akin to that which the patriarchs of old led in the vale of the Jordan—leading their herds and flocks from one pasturage to another, according as the grass in each was consumed. The term "creaght" was originally applied to the drivers in charge of a prey of cattle, but these creaghts of the seventeenth century could fight as well as drive, as the Palesmen, who were wont to circulate strange stories of their daring and ferocity, could well testify. They generally accompanied the forces of their valiant provincial general, Owen Roe O'Neill, who found them of vast use as a sort of fighting commissariat, and who recruited his ranks largely from the number of those stout and daring mountaineers. A curious, old fashioned race were those redoubtable creaghts, clinging to the customs of their ancestors with a tenacity which seemed only to increase with their lengthened wanderings. They adhered also to the old Irish garb. The men wore their hair in long, shaggy coulins, their upper lips being covered with the crommeal, or heavy, drooping moustache, while their brawny and muscular bodies were clad in the large, flowing, and many-plaited yellow garment, gathered in at the waist by a broad belt of undressed hide in which glittered the inevitable skian, and their nether limbs covered with a tight-fitting bracca. The tall and stately forms of the women were enveloped in the graceful folds of the flowing, bright colored cloak, and their heads surmounted with the white, spiral fileadh of Milesian womanhood.

On hurried the creaghts. And now herd after herd broke away to the right or left from their path, to settle and revel on some choice spot of pasture that their guards and drivers selected, leaving the road at length clear to a large force of infantry and cavalry that followed.

This force consisted of some thousand men, horse and foot, who marched along with excellent military order and precision, bearing themselves with a ready discipline and manifest *esprit de corps*. Over them flew the banner of O'Neill, emblazoned with the Red Hand of Ulster, side by side with the flag of the Catholic Confederation. The latter ensign, adopted by order of the Council of Kilkenny, was of a *green* color, and bore the Irish cross inscribed within a red circle. Over the cross was an imperial crown, with the letters, "C.R.," standing for Charles Rex, and underneath the words, "Long Live King Charles."

The commander of this little army, who now rode forward and doffed his hat in response to the salutations of the crowd, was a man in the prime of life, of erect and soldierly form, and of frank, cheerful, and intelligent countenance. His eyes were wonderfully sharp and bright, his nose denoted energy and resolution, and the lower part of his face was covered with a light curling beard.

"O'Neill *aboo! Cead mile failte* to Owen Roe!" shouted the multitude, and peal upon peal of loud and enthusiastic applause rent the air as the beloved and popular general gracefully bowed his acknowledgments.

The reasons which had induced Owen Roe to select West Breffny as a training ground for his army, were obvious ones enough. Here, in those remote plains and plateaux, unapproachable save by a few bad roads and dangerous passes, and free from the incursions of the great force of Monroe, the organization, drill, and discipline of the Irish levies might be proceeded with in comparative steadiness and tranquility until the time for action came. For the military talent which, displayed on the walls of the old Burgundian city of Arras six years before, had kept at bay for many weeks the French troops of Marshal Millerie, was now employed by the patriotic scion of the House of Tyrone in the cause of his own country—how well and assiduously may be inferred from the trained and orderly appearance of the army already under his command.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall.

MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANANMHAIN.]

D'fhosgail an righ an litir le deifir agus léigh sé i, agus thainig iongantus air i riocht gur air éigin d'fhéud sé seasamh, agus thionntaigh sé go Goillis.

"Cia thu féin, a ghiolla," ar sé, "agus cá bh' fuil m'inghean?"

Leag Goillis a dhá mheur air a bheul le taisbéant do'n righ nach raibh ann labhairt; agus leig sé osna trom, agus bhí a dhá shúil greamtha i n-eudan an righ.

"Bhfuil tu balbh?" ar san righ leis.

Rinne Goillis comhartha le h-iansint dó gur b'amhlaidh sin bhí sé.

Thug an righ litir do Ghoillis ann sin le tabhairt d'á inghin. "Tabhair i sin leat go cdramach do'n mhnaoi a thug an chéid-litir duit-se," ar sé, "agus na bi mall leis."

D'imthigh Goillis, agus ní sidhbal acht rith, agus ní rith acht léim a bhí aige, agus é ag imtheacht mar an ngnoith, no go dtáinig sé chum na h-inghine agus thug an litir dí.

Dubhairt an righ annsan litir sin nach n-iarrfadh sé chomh fhad agus bhéidheadh sé beo a inghean a phósadh le fear nár mhaith léithe féin, agus go raibh an oiread sin do luthgháire air, i a bheith air ais leis, go dtiúbhradh sé a togha agus a rogha féin dí ameasg fear an domhain, dá mbudh é fear glanta na sgeanna féin do budh mhian léithe, acht amháin deifir a dheunamh go bhfuighcadh sé féin agus a máthair ann a radharc aris i. Thaisbéan sí an litir do Ghoillis, agus ann sin chuaidh sí léithe féin chum an phálás, agus is roimpi-se do bhí an fáilte.

D'innis sí dá h-athair agus dá máthair an méad a rinné Goillis di, agus mar shábháil sé a h-anam trí uaire, agus faoi dheire dubhairt sí, muna dtiubhradh siad Goillis di le pósadh, agus áird-tighearna mór a dheunamh dhé, nach bpósfadh sí fear go bráth.

Dubhairt an righ go leigfeadh sé dhi rud air bith a dheunamh a thogrócadh sí féin, agus d'orduigh sé Goillis do ghlaodhach asteach aca.

Nuair a tháinig sé asteach chuca dubhairt uile dhuine a bhí 'san b-pálás nach bhfacaidh siad ariamh fear budh bhreágha 'ná é, agus sheas an Righ suas roimhe agus thug sé póg do, agus chuir sé fáilte roimhe, agus rinne sé tighearna dhé. Chuir an bhain-rioghan fáilte roimhe, ann sin, agus an chúirt uile.

D'fan sé 'nna a measg ann sin le trí ráithche, agus bhí meas agus cionn gach uile dhuine ag meudughadh ó lá go lá air, agus níor mhó an meas do bhí ag an righ air, 'ná dá mbéidheadh sé mhac dileas dó féin.

Ag ceann na h-aimsire sin ghlaodh sé a inghean asteach chuige, agus d'fhiafruigh sé dhi an raibh an oiread spéis' aici i nGoillis anois agus a bhí aici i dtosach, agus dubhairt sí go raibh agus níos mó. "Is maith é sin," ar san righ, "maiseadh! bidheadh sé agad!"

Bhí go maith agus dí raibh go h-oíc. Phósiad a chéile, agus budh é sin an bhainfheis bhreágh do bhí aca, acht dá m-beithinn ann an t-am sin, ní bheithinn ann anois, acht chualaidh me féin ó éinin é nach raibh brón ná buaireadh, leun ná leonadh, mi-ágh an mi-thapa orra go h-uair a m-béis, agus go m-budh amhlaidh é liom féin agus linn uile.

[CRIOCH.]

The New American Consul at Dublin.

Gen. John J. Piatt, of Ohio, U. S. A., who has been acting as American Consul at the port of Cork for the last eleven years, has left there for Dublin to perform the duties of his new office at the metropolitan port. In the year 1882, Gen. Piatt was appointed to Queenstown by President Arthur of the Republican government then in power. In 1885, the Democratic party were placed at the head of affairs with Cleveland their president, when it was feared that Gen. Piatt might, through the change of government, be recalled to the United States. To prevent such, and in order to testify how highly the services of Gen. Piatt had been valued, not alone by the shipping community, but by all the leading merchants of the city and surrounding district, a memorial was executed and signed by every person of influence in the South before it was despatched to the United States government, praying that their representative might not be removed, and among the signatures attached thereto was that of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., with the result that Gen. Piatt was not recalled. Later Gen. Harrison was elected president of America at the head of the Republican party, and in order to prevent the possible loss of Gen. Piatt's services in the South of Ireland, another memorial, signed by the mayor of Cork, mayor of Waterford, mayor of Clonmel, and all the Irish members of parliament, including Mr. Parnell, was despatched to the United States, setting forth Gen. Piatt's many excellent qualities, his high character and personal worth, his great ability, wide culture and extensive knowledge, and prayed that he might not be transferred from his position, which prayer was answered favorably, and from that period up to the present time Gen. Piatt has represented America at the port of Cork with honor to himself and satisfaction to all who came in contact with him. Eleven years is the longest period any one consul ever remained in Queenstown. Gen. Piatt will take up his official position at once in the metropolis, having handed over the seals of the Queenstown office to his successor, Mr. H. G. Thress, of Wisconsin, U. S. A.—*Irish Daily Independent.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous serfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

TOMB OF THE PROPHET DANIEL.

To Judge From Its Size the Great Man Was Eighty Feet Tall.

Since Samarcand has been a portion of the Russian dominions it has become easy to visit. The traveler from Europe can reach the old capital of Tamerlane by the Transcaspian railway, which the Russian government has constructed across the Toorkoman deserts with so much boldness and which was finished as far as Samarcand six years ago. Less than three miles to the northeast of Samarcand and outside of the extreme limits of the ancient city is a tomb which is called Khodja-Daniar. This tomb, according to the Mussulman legends, is the burial place of the Prophet Daniel. The spot where this tomb stands is called Afrousiab, and there are seen ruins which are very probably those of the ancient city of Maracanda, destroyed by Alexander the Great.

This was an immense town, whose walls, we are told, had a compass of 90 stadia, or about 10 miles. It is separated from Samarcand by a naked hill, the soil of which is one vast cemetery. The sepulcher of Khodja-Daniar is built on a sort of terrace or cornice. A half dozen great masts, from the tops of which hang some sacred rags or tougs made of horse tails, the height of which is proportioned to the importance of the saint, rise above the sarcophagus, which stands in the open air, sheltered by no building of any kind. This sarcophagus is constructed with heavy masonry. The saint who reposes there is beyond a doubt really dead, but his mode of behavior is more than curious since, though dead, he continues to grow constantly in his sepulcher.

Every two or three years the mollahs, who are the guardians of the palace, determine by a learned calculation, the data of which I was not able to learn, how much it is proper to lengthen the sepulcher in order to make its dimensions correspond to those of its tenant. To judge from the present length of the tomb, the height of the Prophet Danie' was or should have been at the date of my visit in 1891 about 80 feet. His height must be a little more now. It should be observed that the growth of the saint is in length only and not in breadth. The development of the breadth of his shoulders is not in proportion to that of his height.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

The Value of Condiments.

Peppers and peppery substances, salts, etc., were destined to occupy a place in the history of edible foods—a supplementary one, it is true, but no less important than the position of executive officer on a ship which has a captain in command. The normal digestive fluids furnish the means for disposing of foods taken into the system—that is, for those those which are of a character necessary for the actual nourishment of the body. They do not, however, have sufficient strength to use up the superfluous matters in their ordinary flowing. A condiment stimulates the secretions of the glands and lends such an activity to digestive powers that there is a remarkable contrast between a condimental and a natural meal. Peppers are not to be recommended to any great extent, neither is common salt alone to be advised. A proper mixture of salt, pepper and celery powder makes a very good seasoning, with sufficient pungency to secure what is desired in the way of a relish.—Jenness Miller Magazine.

Securing the Honey From Bees.

The labor of honey raising has been materially lessened for the bees by modern improvements, and they seem proportionately grateful. The bees no longer make their own cells, which are produced by machinery out of wax. These artificial cells are placed in the hive, and the bees seem to be glad to get rid of the labor of making them. Immediately they get to honey making. This business they conduct alone. When the cells are full, the hive must be watched from without, lest the bees begin to seal them up, which they do in order to lay up their winter's food.

To guard against this, additional cells are put on top of the hive called supers. In these the bees deposit their extra store, and this is reserved for their winter outfit. When the bees begin to seal the cells, the box is removed, a small machine is put inside which is set vibrating, and this empties the cells of their honey, which is drawn off, and the cells having been drained are put back to be refilled. —Exchange.

Squirt Blood Out of Their Eyes.

It has been said that horned toads, when teased, sometimes squirt blood out of their eyes. This has been proved by Mr. O. P. Hay, who, to facilitate the shedding of the skin, tossed one into the the water, when "on the side of the basin there suddenly appeared a number of spots of red fluid which resembled blood." This was microscopically proved to be blood. A day or two afterward Mr. Hay was holding the lizard between his thumb and middle finger and stroking its horns with his fore finger. All at once a quantity of blood was thrown out against his fingers and a portion of it ran down on the animal's neck, and this blood came directly out of the right eye. This has been noticed by others, and Mr. Hay states that more than 20 years ago Mr. A. R. Wallace published a letter from a correspondent in California who described this creature as squirting from one of its eyes "a jet of bright red liquid very much like blood."—New York Independent.

To Thread a Hair Through a Walnut.

To pass a hair through a walnut without boring a hole seems an impossibility, but the feat has often been done. The hull of the walnut, when examined with a strong glass, is seen to have innumerable small openings, some of which lead entirely through the nut. The trick consists in using a very fine hair and an infinite amount of patience. Pass the hair into one of these minute crevices and urge it gently along. Sometimes it will appear on the other side at the first trial, but if it comes out at the hundred and first you will be very lucky.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An "Office Cat" Worth Having.

A parsonage cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new use for himself. He watches his master's pen and occasionally, when the writer is tired, takes the holder in his mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paper-weight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper. As soon as another is laid aside, he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down on different parts of the table sheets in rapid succession. But "Powhatan"—the cat—remains seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.—St. Nicholas.

Valuable Insects.

Perhaps there are few substances contributed by animals to the materia medica of greater value or more extensively beneficial than certain species of insects. Of these there are none more highly esteemed for medical purposes than those beautiful, shining, green colored insects known as blistering beetles, or cantharides. Their corrosive action is so great that they frequently inflame and excoriate the hands of those who collect them, and on this property their chief medicinal virtue depends.

They are generally used in the form of plasters or ointment, and in cases of violent visceral inflammation their external use can scarcely be supplied by any other medicine. Tons of these insects are yearly imported, principally from southern Europe.—London Tit-Bits.

Where Asbestus Is Found.

Asbestus, which has come to be largely utilized by electrical engineers, is one of the most interesting substances employed in the arts. Many new beds of this material are being discovered, but except from the Canadian and Italian beds the specimens secured are practically useless for manufacture. Large quantities of floss and powder asbestus are obtained from the district of the Suss valley, Piedmont, and in the second district, about 30 miles long, in the Aosta valley, the deposits are said to be practically inexhaustible. A third district, which is still more important, centers at Valtellina, the route to which passes Milan and Como to Colico. The Canadian deposits are in the Black Lake district, between Quebec and Sherbrooke.—New York Telegram.

Over the Telephone.

He—Hullo.

She—Hullo.

He—Is that you, Miss Barker?

She—Yes. I'm me. Who is this?

He—Shall you be at home this evening?

She—That depends on who you are. Who are you?

He—Don't you recognize my voice?

She—I don't know. It sounds like Charlie Higgins' voice. Are you Charlie Higgins?

He—No. I'm not Charlie Higgins. I am Mr. Browne.

She—Jimmy Browne?

He—No. George.

She—Yes, I'm home. Are you coming around?

He—I don't know. Shall I?

She—Oh, I don't care. Very glad to see you if you come.

He—Then I'll be there about 8.

She—All right. Come early.

He—Yes—er—do you think you'd care to go to the theater with my mother and me?

She—I don't know.

He—Well—if you'll say you'll go, I'll stop on the way up and get the tickets.

She—Well—I—I can't say, Mr. Browne. I don't think I—I don't think I can, but—hullo—say, George, you might get the tickets anyway.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. John Budner of Beaver Brook, N. J., gave birth to four children, two boys and two girls. Mrs. Budner is 15 years of age. Both mother and children are doing well.

At a dance at Clairserette, Tenn., a row broke out and Walter Brown was killed and Martin Carter fatally wounded.

The Michigan supreme court has affirmed the judgment of the circuit court declaring Fred Leonards of Grand Rapids mentally incompetent.

PUT TO FLIGHT

—all the peculiar troubles that beset a woman. The only guaranteed remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down and overworked; for women expecting to become mothers, and for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; at the change from girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

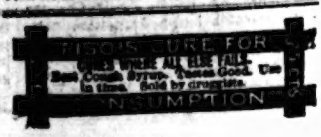
If it doesn't, if it even fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What you are sure of, if you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, is either a perfect and permanent cure for your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case may be, or $500 in cash. The proprietors of the medicine promise to pay you the money, if they can't cure you.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I say, Yes*; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject; and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



WORLD'S FAIR OPENED.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND PRESSES THE MAGICAL BUTTON.

As He Does So "Old Glory," with the Flags of All Nations, Unfurl in Midair from Hundreds of Staffs and the Great White City Is Arrayed in the Radiance of the Colors of the Rainbow.

CHICAGO, May 1.—A streak of fire, a puff of smoke and a sound as though something had struck the dome of the earth a sharp blow, announced at high noon today to those who were near enough to hear, but not to see, that the World's Columbian Exposition was duly open. That President Cleveland had touched the electric button controlling the action of the great engine in Machinery hall, and that the work—the miraculous work—of two short years was practically complete. And as the report of the cannon died away there was a lifting up of human voices that ascended in one vast roar into the zenith, was repeated over and over again, gathering strength at each repetition until all of the hundreds of thousands of throats were joined in one grand acclamation for a great work magnificently done.

CLEVELAND.

Mysterious Bundles in Midair.

Before the sound of the gun-fire had died away, however, there was a scene that very few of the landsmen present had ever witnessed before, and on a scale larger than probably ever witnessed at sea. Many had noticed at the top of the tall, central flag-staff a bundle, and many had wondered what the thing was. Crowning the tops of two other tall staffs on each side were similar bundles, while the seven hundred staffs on the buildings of the exposition were each topped with a similar package. As the time drew dear for the supreme moment 700 men took their positions at the halliards of these flag-staffs, and three more took firm grasps on the downhauls at the central staffs and awaited the boom of the gun.

CLEVELAND PRESSING THE BUTTON.

"Breaking Out" the National Ensign.

As the boom of the gun sounded a flash appeared at the top of the central staff and as if instantaneously materialized from the sky itself "Old Glory" streamed out in the breeze. It was sixty feet in the fly and forty in the hoist and had hardly shown its full length as it rapidly fell out of its folds before there was another flash at the tops of the flanking staffs, and the colors of Spain and Columbus, each forty-five feet long, unrolled to the breeze. Then it looked as if the whole city of exposition buildings had suddenly donned gala dress. Instantaneously there broke from the tops of all the staffs on the Administration building the national colors, while from the other buildings the flags of all nations fluttered.

Unveiling the Liberty Statue.

At the eastern end of the lagoon on the south side of the Liberal Arts building there is a colossal statue of Liberty. She had been veiled until the moment of the gun fire, when the veil dropped from around her, and she stood revealed in all her majestic beauty. Never had a scene more inspiring been seen than this climax of the opening ceremonies. No wonder the multitude shouted; no wonder they kept up the cheering. It was a marvelously beautiful transformation scene on a gigantic—really "gigantic," not the "gigantic" of the sensational telegram—scale, and its execution was perfect.

Ceremonies at the Opening.

The ceremonies leading up to this event of the day were simple and brief, occupying about an hour. Music by the orchestra was first. Then Rev. W. H. Milburn, chaplain of the United States senate, offered a fervent prayer and Miss Jessie Couthou read a poem by W. A. Croffut, "The Prophecy." Music followed this as an introduction to an address by Director General Davis, in which he briefly reviewed the work done and tendered it to the president of the United States for the formal inauguration of the exposition. President Cleveland's reply was brief and to the point. At its conclusion he leaned forward to the stand in front of him and pressed an electrical button, which started the great engine in Machinery hall, and as he did so the events described in the foregoing took place. While all this was going on a chorus of many hundred voices sang the "Hallelujah Chorus."

ESCORTING THE CITY'S GUESTS.

The Procession to the Fair Grounds—After the Opening.

About 9 o'clock this morning the president and party and Duke de Veragua and party entered carriages at the Lexington hotel in the presence of a great and cheering throng of people and took their places in the procession that was to escort them to the World's fair grounds. The parade was headed by a platoon of mounted police. Then came the Seventh United States cavalry, two companies, followed by the Chicago Hussars and troop A, I. N. G. In carriages were the following in order: First five carriages, World's fair commissioners; sixth, Director General Davis, and Director of Works Burnham.

In the seventh carriage was the president; he was accompanied by Presidents Palmer and Higinbotham. Then came Vice President Stevenson, escorted by the two ex-presidents of the Exposition company—Lyman J. Gage and W. T. Baker. The ninth to thirteenth carriages inclusive carried the cabinet and their escorts; and in the fourteenth was the Duke de Veragua with the vice presidents of the national commission and exposition company as escorts. Duchess de Veragua followed with Mrs. Potter Palmer, and the next three carriages were occupied by the brothers and sons of the duke. Hon. Thomas F. Bayard rode in the nineteenth carriage, Major General Miles in the next, Admiral Gherardi next, Governor Altgeld next and Mayor Harrison last.

The Parade Enters the Grounds.

By the shortest line of march the procession reached the western entrance of Midway Plaisance and there was met by Captain Rice, commanding the Columbian guard, and he then took command of the parade. East on the plaisance it moved through a community that was composed of nearly every kind of human being on the globe, living in their typical homes. Entering the World's fair grounds it passed through cavalry drawn up on each side of the line of march, which wound around the various builings to the terminal railway station and thence to the point at which the opening exercises were held. Here on the platform President Cleveland sat in front, with Vice President Stevenson, the Duke of Veragua their parties, and the higher national and local officers of the exposition. On either side and behind them were the other invited guests, the governors, members of the city council, members of the state legislature, members of the board of lady managers and others. Back of all was the orchestra.

Comfort for the Inner Man.

As soon as the ceremonies were over and the distinguished party could get out of the throng they repaired to the Administration building, where a luncheon was ready for them. A circular table had been provided and the interior circle filled with choice plants from the horticultural building. There were seventy guests in all and the luncheon was elaborate enough to have been called a banquet. But the decorations of the luncheon room were more elaborate than the luncheon itself. In the great square between the room and the hallway silk portieres were hung and the windows were draped in similar fashion. Over the seat of the president at the western side of the table was a canopy of flags, and in each corner a stand of the national colors.

President Cleveland sat at a point of the round table opposite the entrance, and the other guests were ranged around the table in the following order of precedence: Presidential party; vice president's party; General Schofield; Admiral Gherardi; General Miles; Mayor Harrison; Governor and Mrs. Altgeld; President Palmer, of the national commission; President Higinbotham, of the exposition; Mrs. Palmer, president of the board of lady managers; Vice President Waller, of the national commission; Vice President Peck, of the exposition; Director General Davis; Chief of Construction Burnham; members of the council of administration.

This arrangement of guests brought Mrs. Potter Palmer directly opposite the president, who sat on the east side of the circle. On the south side was President Palmer, of the national commission, and on the north President Higinbotham, of the Exposition company. After the luncheon the president was escorted to the Manufactures building by Director General Davis. He will be introduced to the members of the foreign commission, who will be grouped in the center of the building, and will then visit them in their sections. He will then pass out to the Government building and afterward will be driven around the grounds, after which he will go to his private car and will leave the grounds at 5 o'clock.

The only machinery that was set in motion by the aid of the electrical current when Cleveland pressed the button was the great Allis engine, and the engineer in charge of the machine was on hand to assist. By a simple mechanical arrangement sufficient steam was admitted to the piston chambers to move slightly the ponderous wheels, while the engineer assumed control of the lever and saw that the start was made without jarring. President Cleveland had about as much to do with starting the machinery of the World's Columbian exposition as President Grant had with imparting motion to the great Corliss engine at the Centennial. On that occasion the president grasped the wheel that turned steam into the piston chambers, while his actions were controlled by an engineer hidden from view under the platform.

A VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.

As It Actually Is After the Directory Has Done Its Best.

What did the multitude inside the exposition gates do during the rest of the day? Well, there was plenty to see and many were doubtless entertained in the Woman's building, which will be dedicated this afternoon, while others will go to the dedication of the Iowa building, which is also to take place. But for those who go to neither there is an endless variety of objects to interest, instruct, and amuse, and the best way to tell what there is will be to show the condition of the exposition today, the reader being supposed to have some idea of the scope of the show.

The directory has worked for the past six months, and especially for the past month with the elements against it. Rain has been frequent and Jupiter Pluvius seemed to have massed all his energies on the last day of preparation; for yesterday and last night it rained almost continually except for a few hours in the afternoon. Notwithstanding this discouragement there was a great force of men at work clearing up and putting finishing touches on the buildings and grounds. Superfluous matter lying in unsightly piles and obstructing the view was carted away to remote corners. The landscape gardners were hard at work despite the rain, and the work of sodding the bare spots went on unabated. At night, however, the outside work had to stop, but the men on the inside worked right through the night and up to the time of opening the gates to the public.

The central aisle in the Liberal Arts building was the one upon which efforts were concentrated because through this aisle the presidential party was to be escorted today, and it was in perfect shape. Away up against the roof of the building hundreds of flags fluttered and trembled and miles of bunting hung from the rafters and swung in graceful folds over the railings and across the wide stretches from gallery to gallery. The chime of bells for the big central tower was put in place. At the Government building everything was in order. The same is true of the Fisheries building, where everything was practically in place and ready for inspection. All the pictures were not hung nor all the statuary placed in the Arts building, but there was on exhibition more than a dozen pairs of eyes could see in an afternoon.

In Horticultural hall everything was nearly in readiness. In the Transportation Electricity, Machinery and Agriculture buildings the effect of the work done was not so apparent as in other localities. In the Midway plaisance the congress of nations was ready for business. The animals in the big menagerie, the Egyptian dancing girls, the reproduction of the volcano of Kilauea, the South Sea Islanders and the Javanese were all ready to interest the visitor with their arts and entertainments. The Irish village was in order, the German village, and all the manifold attractions, in fact, were in a gratifying state of completeness.

To return to the exposition proper it may be said that for the proper setting forth of the exhibits much remains to be done. Of all the buildings it can be said, however, that the deficiencies are not sufficiently great or serious to detract from the general appearance of the displays. Saturday night the last plank was torn from the casing which surrounded the statue of the Republic, and the great gilded figure shone in all the splendor of a $5,000 coat of gold leaf. Then the last figure was placed on its pedestal on the peristyle and the last piece of scaffolding came down from the Columbus quadriga. With the MacMonnies fountain complete and ready to spout water the statuary around the grand basin was perfect today.

THE HOME FOR THE HAWKEYE.

With the electric fountains, which had been tested as to their water capacity, vomiting mountains of sprayed water, the great flags floating from tall poles beneath their golden finials, the roads, paths and every available spot black with people, the scene on the plaza and around the basin was as perfect as it ever can be.

The work done in the park during the past week has been of a quantity to be almost miraculous. The completion of the preparations seemed to be in the hands of beings comparable only to the genii who built Aladdin's wonderful palace. Everything was "rush," and amid all the rush the most perfect order and design was maintained.

SCENE ON THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT.

Electricity Makes the White City a Vision of Loveliness.

Notwithstanding the chill air which settled over the grounds as the evening grew people began to gather early and by the time darkness had encircled the White City a multitude filled the plaza from the Administration building to the peristyle. The splendors of the night outshone the glories of the day. That potent factor—electricity—was displayed in all its brilliancy and rivalled for supremacy the one gleam of noonday sun that graced the opening ceremonies.

The first touch of magic given the night setting of the great scene was a fringe of incandescent lights which surmounted the columns of the peristyle running from Music hall to the Casino. This was followed a moment later by strips of light which sprang to life on all parts of Administration building. The entire structure was gilded with seams of light running around the top of the dome. The effect was one of surpassing beauty, and was greeted with great applause.

Inside the Administration building the scene was one of dazzling splendor, the structure from the rotunda to the peak of the splendid dome being a dream of glittering loveliness. Eight bronze columns, from each of which branched fifty lights, gave forth a flood of splendor from the ground floor. A row of lights surmounted the gallery two stories above and before the effect of this display could be lost a similar circle at the base of the great dome caught the spirit of the brilliant scene and sent the whole against the magnificently decorated dome with an effect never before witnessed in an interior.

The crowds gazed in speechless wonderment upon the view and instinctively fell back into the shelter of the pavilions supporting the dome to escape the bewilderportance of the occasion took afirm grip on the equally precious hammer with one hand and balancing the nail skillfully between the thumb and forefinger of the other raised the carpenter's implement. Every eye was fixed on her at the moment. Everybody held their breath, but it is not recorded that anybody held the arnica; and it was not needed. Down came the hammer and "hit the nail on the head" with a precision that created the suspicion that there had been frequent rehearsals in the seclusion of the Palmer castle on the Lake Shore drive. With a few more blows the nail was firmly fixed, and a sigh of relief that could have been heard at Michigan City escaped the witnesses as the job was declared well and truly done.

BASE BALL HAS "BLOWED IN".

And the Chicago Hustlers Get Into the Tureen First Thing.

CHICAGO, April 28.—The base ball season for 1893, as to the National Base Ball league, has "blown in" and the first games been played. The husky ninewhich Anson has been south with trying to pound into shape tried their "'prentice hands" at Cincinnati and went to their hotel after the game covered all over with the dirt of defeat and the glory attaching to one run. Two games were postponed on account of rain—those at New York and Philadelphia. Following are the scores made: At Pittsburg—Pittsburg 2, Cleveland 7; at Cincinnati—Cincinnati 10, Chicago 1; at Washington—Washington 7, Baltimore 5; at St. Louis—St. Louis 4, Louisville 2.

CHICAGO, April 29.—The daily base ball record of the National league clubs is as as follows: At Pittsburg—Pittsburg 4, Cleveland 5; at New York—New York 2, Boston 9; at Philadelphia—Philadelphia 7, Brooklyn 5; at Cincinnati—Cincinnati 1, Chicago 11; at Washington—Washington 12, Baltimore 6; at St. Louis—St. Louis 3, Louisville 1. It will be observed that your Uncle Anson was himself again.

CINCINNATI, May 1. — The Cincinnati club took sweet revenge on the Chicago colts Saturday by hanging up a goose egg on their score card. Following is the record of the day's base ball playing: At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 5, Chicago 0; at New York—New York 16, Boston 6; at Philadelphia—Philadelphia 1, Brooklyn 2; at Baltimore—Baltimore 8, Washington 6; at Pittsburg—Rain. Sunday: At Cincinnati—Chicago 7, Cincinnati 1; at Louisville—Bad grounds. By which it will be seen that the Colts evened things up.

CHICAGO, May 2.—Following are the scores recorded on League base ball fields: At Philadelphia—Philadelphia 2, Boston 3; at New York—New York 9, Baltimore 5; at Washington—Washington 15, Brooklyn 2; at St. Louis—St. Louis—11, Louisville 1; at Pittsburg and Cincinnati no games—bad weather.

Edward Schuster & Co.'s dry goods store at Milwaukee has been burned, causing a loss of $100,000.

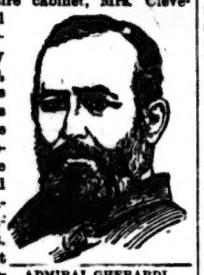
FLEET REVIEWED.

Climax of the International Naval Demonstration.

TWO LINES OF OCEAN TERRORS

Thunderously Salute the Chief Magistrate as He Steams Between Them—A Magnificent Spectacle Witnessed by Thousands of New Yorkers—Every Point of Vantage Packed by Cheering Multitudes—The Naval Parade—Visitors Banqueted at Night.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The president of the United States with a party consisting of nearly his entire cabinet, Mrs. Cleveland, and several other ladies arrived in this city last night at 10:30, and twelve hours later—at 10:30 this morning—the president was received with due honors on board the Dolphin, anchored off Twenty-fourth street. The whole fleet joined in the ceremonies of the president's reception. At this time the sight was the grandest ever presented to the eyes of New Yorkers. On the river in two lines, all at anchor, lay the fleet of warships consisting of all which had been for a week at Norfolk, with the addition of the cruiser Dimitri Domonskoi, the Argentine cruiser Neuvo de Julio, and the United States monitor Miantonomah.



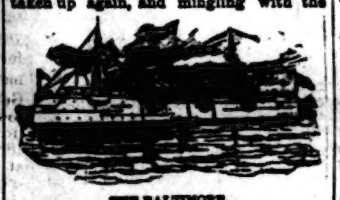
ADMIRAL GHERARDI.

The Multitude on Shore.

All along this line of ships, reaching from Thirty-fourth to Eighty-ninth streets, the shores were packed with the people of this and surrounding cities. The heights were black with sightseers, while crowded until there was hardly room to move on all the water surface not appropriated to the ships were thousands of water craft of every description, all alive with excited and holiday-making humanity. All the ships were dressed in bunting of every nation and the space separating the two lines was sufficient to permit the Dolphin and her consorts to pass between with plenty of room for the war vessels to salute as she passed. The Dolphin's consorts were the Blake (United States coast survey steamer) and Monmouth, the former carrying the members of the diplomatic corps and the latter the senators and representatives, governors and other distinguished visitors.

Started on the Review.

As the hour of 10:30 arrived all eyes were turned toward the Dolphin, and as the flash of her guns announced the arrival of the president a cheer rolled along the shore from end to end of the vast throng on both sides of the river, was taken up again, and mingling with the boom of cannon fairly shook the hillsides. The anchor of the Dolphin was soon up and she slowly steamed between the lines of ocean terrors. Beginning at the lower end she passed along to the head of the line where were anchored the U. S. S. flagship Philadelphia and the British flagship Blake. It was when the Dolphin neared the stern of the Miantonomah, the last ship on the port line, that the event of the day began to occur.



THE BALTIMORE.

Deep-Mouthed Canons Roared.

As her bow was opposite the Miantonomah's stern "present arms" was sounded. The officers and crew saluted and the guns of the Miantonomah opened with twety-one guns, the president's salute. The Brazilian Republica, last of the starboard line, answering gun for gun. The bands played the national air and the populace on the shore split the heavens with cheers. Steaming slowly along the line, the same programme was performed by every ship in line, and never in the history of the city was their such a noise. Arriving at the head of the line the Dolphin cast anchor and all the commanding officers left their ships and went on board to pay their respects to the chief magistrate.

Close of the Great Review.

The reception on board the Dolphin over, the president disembarked at the foot of Ninety-sixth street, and as he did so, in obedience to a signal from the Philadelphia, every vessel in the fleet manned yards or rails and saluted again. As the last gun was fired the signal flag came down and the day ceremonies were ended. The Spanish caravels were anchored ahead of the two flagships, but did not "dress ship," only displaying a few appropriate flags. As the spectacle ended the crowds on the hills and shores began to melt, the craft in the river to move to the landings and a scene full of animation was presented, scarcely less interesting than the great demonstration that had opened the day's festivities.

PREPARATION FOR THE SPECTACLE.

How the Great Fleet Sailed Up from the Lower Bay.

Today was a holiday for all New York city and the cities and country round about; but the day of preparation for this spectacle was scarcely less a holiday. Estimates of the number of people who saw the fleet steam up the bay and river and take its position for the review would be impossible. Every point of vantage from the lower bay to Eighty-ninth street was crowded with interested sightseers. The day was a perfect one. The first indication of the movement of the ships from their anchorage in the lower bay was the flash of the national colors from Fort William, followed instantly by a flash of flame and a dull boom at Fort Wadsworth. Up through the narrows came the vessels and soon those with glasses could make out the Philadelphia and Blake at the head of the line.

Governor's Island Salutes.

On they came, keeping time and distance like veteran soldiers, and soon the whole magnificent spactacle was in view. As Governor's Island was passed the fort's guns boomed out a salute, and shortly after the Miantonomah thundered away in honor of the unveiling of the statue to Ericsson, which had at that moment occurred at the Battary. The Blake, with her two great tapering buff-colored smokestacks and majestic mien, caught the fancy of the crowd. She moved along as if held in check, and appeared to be going slowly, although she was making nine miles an hour. She carried a guard flag (a white field crossed with crimson bars) at her foremast-head, and floated the naval ensign of Great Britain at her spankergaff.

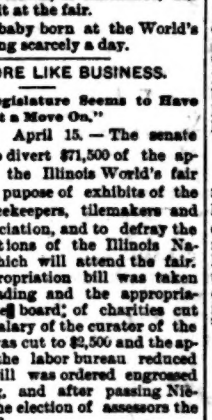
The View from the Battery.

Those who were fortunate enough to obtain a place on the Battery had a splendid view of the naval parade, for they passed close by as they steamed into the river. It was over in half an hour, for by that time the two lines, closed by the Miantonomah and Republica, had gone by and the people who lined the shores and packed the declivities of the river banks were the favored ones, and they cheered themselves hoarse as the white ships of their own navy, making a showing that was not eclipsed by the visitors, came into view and passed. As the end of the parade was reached the ships slowed down and at a signal from the Philadelphia thirty odd massive anchors splashed in the water and the parade was ended.

BANQUET TO THE NOTABLES.

Union League Club Crowded with Distinguished People.

The banquet at night at the Union League club to the distinguished visitors was a fitting climax to the spectacle presented by the big ships sailing up the harbor to their places in readiness for today's review. All branches of government service were represented—naval, military, civil, and diplomatic—and representative men in all walks of life were at the tables. President Cleveland was not present, owing to the weariness resulting from his trip from the national capital.



REAR ADMIRAL WALKER

General Horace Porter presided, and on either side of him were the duke of Veragua, Admiral Karuadoroff, Rear Admiral Benham, Secretary Herbert, Admiral Hopkins, Admiral Gherardi, Rear Admiral Walker, and all the foreign naval commanders.

Then there were Mayor Gilroy, Colonel McClellan, ex-Secretary Tracy, Chauncey M. Depew and other New Yorkers, including the members of the club who escorted the guests to the club house. Nearly 1,000 guests sat down to the banquet table, and the meeting lasted till after 2 o'clock.

NOTES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Sunday Question Again Up in the Commission—The Liberty Bell.

CHICAGO, April 27.—The World's fair national commission had a long dispute over a proposition introduced by Commissioner Eibeck, of Iowa, to open the fair on Sunday. There was much opposition on the ground that the subject was closed, but the proposition was referred to the judicious committee.

Ninety members of the ladies' board held a meeting and Mrs. Palmer read her report, which was a full review of the work done. Princess Schanovsky, of Russia, was present.

The liberty bell has passed Pittsburg on its way west. At every station it is receiving royal honors, and crowds turn out to see it. Elaborate preparations to receive the bell have been made here.

George Washington's sword, the property of Miss Virginia Lewis, of Baltimore, has arrived to exhibit at the fair.

The Javanese baby born at the World's fair is dead, living scarcely a day.

LOOKS MORE LIKE BUSINESS.

The Illinois Legislature Seems to Have "Got a Move On."

SPRINGFIELD, April 15. — The senate passed the bill to divert $71,500 of the appropriation for the Illinois World's fair exhibit to the pupose of exhibits of the horticultural, beekeepers, tilemakers and Dairymen's association, and to defray the expenses of portions of the Illinois National Guard, which will attend the fair. The general appropriation bill was taken up on second reading and the appropriation for the state board of charities cut to $3,000. The salary of the curator of the state museum was cut to $2,500 and the appropriation for the labor bureau reduced to $6,000. The bill was ordered engrossed for third reading, and after passing Niehaus' bill for the election of assessors the senate adjourned.

The house rejected the measure to legalise Saturday half-holidays. The bills to organize sanitary districts along rivers subject to overflow and to regulate fraternal beneficiary societies were advanced to third reading. Several bills were advanced to second reading. Notice was given of a motion to reconsider the vote on the Saturday half-holiday bill. A bill appropriating $92,000 for the compensation of the legislators and salaries of state officers was advanced to second reading. A bill providing for the commitment of lunatics was sent to third reading.

An Illinois Law No Good.

CHICAGO, Ills., April 27.—A number of ticket brokers who were under indictment for violating the state law which provides that only authorized agents shall be allowed to sell railroad tickets have secured their discharge on a technicality. The law provides that any authorized agent may sell tickets on any road, and the indictments were based on the theory that the law is violated if a person sells the tickets of a railroad company and is not authorized by that particular company. The three judges in the case also declared in effect that the law was unconstitutional.

Capitol Deserted by Officials.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The president, vice president and every member of the cabinet are now out of the city and with the exception of possibly two or three of the latter all will be away until the early portion of next week. This leaves the conduct of the executive departments in the control of the assistant secretaries except in cases where they also are absent.

Worth a Man's Life To Be Juror.

NEW YORK, April 27.—E. M. Paradise, a juror in the Buchanan trial, has been removed from the jury room to the Astor House. He is under the direct care of two physicians suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, or severe bleeding of the nose, which is supposed to have been brought on by mental exhaustion.

Comptroller Eckels Qualifies.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The new comptroller of the currency, James H. Eckels, of Illinois, has qualified and entered upon the discharge of the duties of his office. His bond of $120,000 was approved by Secretary Carlisle some days ago.

FEARFULLY FATAL.

A Cyclone That Devastated Oklahoma—Awful Loss of Life.

GUTHRIE, O. T., April 27.—The very latest and most authentic information obtainable from the cyclone-devastated section of the territory is to the effect that from fifty to sixty human lives have been lost, twenty five people fatally injured and 100 others injured more or less seriously. Five distinct cyclones visited different parts of the territory between 2 and 9 o'clock p. m. Wednesday and it will be days before the full amount of damage will be known. The scene of greatest catastrophe lies about the little town of Norman, near which two of the storm paths pass and a section of country two miles wide and twenty long was swept clean of everything and the scene is now one of horror.

The death list already foots up thirty-seven, with a score more seriously hurt, nearly 100 with lesser injuries, and ten still missing. Among those killed are: Ed Johnson and three hired hands; John O'Connor, Jr.; John O'Connor, Sr., and wife; Agnes and Nellie O'Connor, twins; Charles O'Connor; James O'Connor; John O'Connor, Jr.'s, two children; Owen Rooney; Mrs. Rooney and two children; Miss Annie Heddens; David Banks, wife, and two children; H. C. Clemens; Rev. J. M. Carlo; David Brooks and wife; Ella Brooks; Jerry Brooks. A child of Mr. Batemen and eight of the Peary family are also among the dead.

Three dead children are unidentified and also a family of five unknown. One man living some distance from the track of the cyclone found two dead bodies in his yard. A baby that escaped the cyclone was killed by hailstones. At Langston, east of here, thirty houses were demolished and a child of A. Jones killed, a man named Howard fatally and a dozen others seriously injured.

The seriously wounded are: Charles Hartwell, Mrs. Kittridem and infant, Mrs. Snider, H. P. Holliday and child, Thomas Weaver, John Doyle, George O'Connor, Mr. Moroney, Pat Omaley, Albert Sinnox, Mr. Gilmore and wife, four children of Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Calbert, Mrs. S. H. Wilkinson, George Hughes and child.

The villages of Ransom and Cimarroon were wiped out and several people killed in each. Near Perkins James Kirk was fatally injured and his boy killed. Thomas Culver had both legs and arms broken, Anthony Mehan and daughter were killed, and a dozen badly injured. The whole country is stricken with grief and horror, and awaits with consternation the details of the awful havoc which hourly grow more gruesome.

The most damage was done in the vicinity of Norman in the western and central portion of the county. Passing northward and slightly to the east it crossed the South Canadian river about midway between Purcell and Norman. Here it struck the thickly settled portion of the county, and only missed Moore by about one mile. Seven dwelling houses and two school houses were destroyed, besides machinery and stock and numerous outbuildings, fences and barns.

The last and most destructive cyclone passed about five miles west and north of Norman through what is known as "Ten Mile Flat," along the Canadian river, the most prosperous agricultural vicinity of the county. Its force was spent a few miles further north. The loss of stock and farming implements is a serious one. Absolutely nothing was left uninjured along the track of the last cyclone, which was the severest ever witnessed.

GUTHRIE, May 1.—A cyclone has swept over the Ponca reservation, doing immense damage. Communication is difficult. The streams are all up and many bridges gone. The death list as far as reported is: J. J. Keathey, wife, and two children, five members of the little family. About a dozen Indians and many others were injured, and hundreds of cattle perished.

Will Precipitate a General Fight.

CINCINNATI, May 1.—It is stated in railroad circles that the Nickel Plate road has announced its withdrawal from the eastern combination made recently to maintain passenger rates to Chicago. The Nickel Plate is expected to make a round trip rate from New York to Chicago at one and one-third fare, and thus precipitating a general fight.

Mr. Herman Hicks
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year
Caused by
Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. Read:

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 6, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Fanny Davenport.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"The Fencing Master."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Captain Lettablair."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Rose and Charles Coghlan.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Spider and Fly."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SUCCESS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The whole country, as well as the city of Chicago, may honestly congratulate itself upon the opening of the World's Fair, on the 1st inst., in spite of obstacles, natural and artificial, which might well have disheartened a man of weaker nature than Director General Davis. The indomitable resolution of that officer has conquered obstacles that, to the casual observer, seemed insurmountable, and the opening of the great exposition is now a matter of national triumph, and of international congratulation. It is an occasion on which all the nations of the world can meet together in perfect friendliness—the only rivalry being the worthy one of each seeking to outvie the other in the Arts of Peace.

The speeches delivered at the opening exercises were in excellent taste, brief and to the point. In fact President Cleveland never appears to better advantage than on occasions of the kind. When he is non-partisan, he is at his best, and the nation, without distinction of party, cannot fail to respect him as its self-possessed and dignified chief magistrate. He certainly could not complain of any lack of warmth in his reception by the people of Chicago and their guests.

The Duke de Veragua and family made themselves quite at home in our city. They attended high mass at the Jesuit church on Sunday, and subsequently the Duke called upon the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan and paid his respects. The amiable, and able, descendant of the Great Discoverer is a true type of the great Latin race, which has left so deep an impression on the genius and history of Spain, France, Italy and Portugal. While dignified in bearing, he is not haughty in the least. The Duke must have felt, however, a pardonable thrill of pride in the consciousness of being descended from the man whose imperial courage, and buoyant spirit of enterprise, subdued the superstitious fears of his mariners, dared the unknown dangers of the broad Atlantic, and gave to humanity that "course of empire," which, still resistlessly, "Westward takes its way."

The Countess of Aberdeen opened the Irish part of the exposition in an excellent speech, which did credit to the head and heart of this benevolent woman, whose love for Ireland is as deeply sincere as it is thoroughly unselfish. Many friends of this section of the exposition missed the stalwart form and pleasant countenance of Mr. Peter White, who expected to be present, but death intervened, and all that is mortal of him now reposes silently under the kindly Irish sod and dew.

Among the distinguished Irish ladies who accompanied Lady Aberdeen to the Fair, is Miss Josephine Sullivan, daughter of the late Hon. Alexander M. Sullivan, formerly editor of the Dublin *Nation*, more recently member of parliament, and, by general acknowledgment, one of the most effective orators at the English bar, to which he was admitted, after passing a phenomenally brilliant examination.

Miss Sullivan is renowned as a performer on the Irish harp, and has received the highest encomiums of even the Tory organs of the English press, so chary, in general, of praise to anything Irish. Miss Sullivan represents Ireland at the Fair as a matchless performer on that instrument which has been for centuries, intertwined with shamrocks, the national emblem. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that her kindred in this country will not fail to properly honor this worthy and gifted daughter of the Land of Song.

The original intention of having a monster civic and military parade was abandoned some time ago, for good and sufficient reasons. The military escort that accompanied President Cleveland, Director General Davis, the Duke of Veragua, and other distinguished people, to the grounds on Monday was almost severe in its republican simplicity. Beyond the gay uniforms of the handsome troop of hussars under Col. E. L. Brand, everything was plain almost to homeliness. The two troops of the gallant and historic Seventh cavalry, under the veteran Captains Varnum and Haire, looked Service every inch, from hoof to bridle and from spur to forage cap. The troop of militia cavalry, under Capt. Lino, made quite a creditable showing, considering that they were out in sharp contrast with professional cavalrymen, drilled to perfection in the newest form of evolutions.

While a gigantic amount of work has been accomplished, much still remains to be done in order to make everything complete. The long continued bad weather—the heavy rain especially—has been a great obstacle, and has given the officers of the Fair no end of trouble, particularly in the matter of roofing, glass and decorations. Some of the foreign exhibitors have been rather tardy, and so, too, indeed, have been many nearer home, but every day now will see matters assuming a more settled aspect.

We may say, in passing, that hardly anything at or around the Fair attracts more attention than Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, which comprises nearly everything martial and military in the civilized, and uncivilized, world. There are French, English, German, Austrian, Italian and other soldiers—on special leave of absence—Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Shoshones and others of our own Indians; Cossacks, Kurds, Zulus, and other wild tribes of Asia, Africa and Oceanica. Next in interest come the typical villages of different nations, and, among these, the Irish villages stand conspicuous.

Visitors are already pouring into the city by the thousand and the lines of transportation are heavily taxed to meet the pressure, even with all the extra facilities by lake and rail. But Chicago will be found equal to all emergencies, and her World's Fair is already the greatest event of the kind of which history makes mention.

CATHOLICITY AND COMMONSENSE.

A special dispatch from St. Paul, Minn., to the Chicago *Tribune*, dated Tuesday, says:

"Considerable comment has been caused by an article published in the *Northwestern Chronicle*, a Catholic paper, in reply to an article in the April number of a contemporary entitled "The Pope and the Bible." The *Chronicle* editorially expresses startlingly liberal views. It was learned today that the article was written by Archbishop Ireland. After referring to the extended investigations into the original scriptural writings made of late, the article says: 'Among other results of all this we have to abandon long entertained notions as to the authorship of certain books of the Bible and as to the age of their composition; nor can the idea be maintained for a moment that every sentence and word in it is or can be a direct revelation from the Holy Spirit and consequently an absolute truth, whether referring not only to faith and morals but to history, geography, astronomy, or zoology. Now upon all these points where higher criticism calls with any show of reason for a revision of commonly received notions never has the church committed herself by formal official acts or pronouncements. If it is proved to us that in some respects the chronology and other data of natural knowledge in the Bible are untenable the Catholic faith is unshaken and nothing is proven against the official teachings of the Catholic church. We are not at present deciding how far on the points we are mentioning the 'Higher Criticism,' has established beyond controversy its thesis. We are putting Catholic faith on its proper vantage ground, whereupon all arrows thought to be aimed against it fall harmless and misdirected. That theologians in the church have held, or even do hold, notions on inspiration and other matters relating to the Bible which run counter to well established views of "Biblical Higher Criticism" is not of the least concern to us. The church is our teacher, not theologians. Some theologians there are whose minds are so narrow that prejudice and a priori conclusions leave in them no room for the passage of a single ray of light for the arguments and observations of other minds.'"

There is nothing "startlingly liberal" in the foregoing that THE CITIZEN can observe. Catholic doctrine is founded on common sense, as well as upon revelation. The Catholic church is the most logical of all churches, and her doctors have never yet been conquered as controversialists, whenever they have deigned to enter the polemical lists. The most recent example of their invincibility of argument is Father Lambert's crushing reply to Ingersoll. Every time a Catholic prelate, or priest, expresses a "liberal" opinion, many Protestants profess to believe that scales have fallen from the eyes of the daring churchman. There are people who imagine that if the Catholic church told the people the moon was made of green cheese, the latter would be bound to believe it, while nothing is truer than that the Catholic church has never taught anything in conflict with reason. There is a profound ignorance of Catholicity among our Protestant friends, and more's the pity.

THE COMING MOORE CELEBRATION.

The project for erecting a statue to Ireland's poet, Thomas Moore, in this city, has now taken tangible form, and the committee having charge of the matter feel confident of success. In order to form the nucleus of a fund for this patriotic purpose, a Moore musical and literary entertainment will be given at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, is thoroughly in sympathy with the object, and has kindly consented to preside on the occasion. Addresses will be delivered by his Grace, the Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett and John F. Finerty. It is the intention of the committee to follow up the initiatory movement by process of subscription, until a sufficient fund is obtained to erect a monument to Moore worthy of his genius, of the land that gave him birth, of his kindred people in this country, and of the great and progressive city of Chicago. The programme of the entertainment, in extenso, will be found in the advertising columns.

"THE FRENCH SCARE OF 1875."

Harper's Magazine is remarkable for interesting articles, but the May number of that periodical contains one of supreme interest. It is entitled "The French Scare of 1875," and is written by M. de Blowitz, the well known Paris correspondent of the London *Times*.

The great interest of the article consists in the fact that it shows that a war, compared with which the war of 1870 would have been mere child's play, was averted by a man who is usually believed to be anything but a peacemaker, and usually looked on as the most war-loving man in Europe, "blood and iron" Bismarck.

De Blowitz must be a man of very great ability. He was born under the Austrian empire, but, so far as we can find out, has more of Slavonic than of Teutonic blood. He is one of the few men who possesses complete mastery of the three principal European languages, English, French and German. Whatever M. de Blowitz' French and German may be, his English is not only good but excellent. No one can detect the slightest foreign *tournure* in his English; it is as pure as that of Macaulay or Gladstone.

To summarize M. de Blowitz' article, and leaving out unnecessary details, it appears from it that the sudden, almost miraculous, recovery of France from the disasters of 1870-71, not only surprised the German military authorities, but filled them with great uneasiness. It was, however, the determination of the French to add to their army what is known as the Fourth Battalion, that thoroughly alarmed the Germans; and it was agreed on between the emperor and Von Moltke that war should be declared against France in the summer or early in the autumn of 1875. M. de Blowitz thinks that in the matter of striking a crushing blow at France, Bismarck was not consulted at all. This, perhaps, may have angered him. Gigantic preparations for war were made in Germany, but so secretly were they made, and so little did the press or public of any outside nation know about them, that arrangements for war were nearly completed before France took any decided diplomatic steps to avert the catastrophe. It appears, however, that the French military authorities knew all about Germany's preparations for war; for when M. de Blowitz called on President MacMahon, the latter was possessed of complete information of every preparation that was being made in Germany for striking a sudden and crushing blow at France. The French had so many spies in Germany that MacMahon was able to give M. de Blowitz complete information about every military move that had been made in Germany for many months previously.

Germany was so much afraid of Russia, and so anxious to be assured of Russia's neutrality in case of an attack on France by Germany, that Count de Radowitz was sent to St. Petersburg to try and sound Russia's intentions; but Gortshakoff evidently saw through M. de Radowitz, gave him evasive answers, so that the latter had to go back to Berlin without being able to find out anything about what Russia' action would be in case of an attack on France by Germany. Now we come to the turning point in the matter; and it is one of the most curious diplomatic *coups* in the history of modern times, and absolutely places Bismarck in the light of a traitor to his own country, and a friend to France.

There was a grand ball in Berlin, and the great men of the German empire and the ministers of foreign nations attended it. Count Radowitz was at it, and so was Count Gontaut-Biron, the French minister plenipotentiary to Germany. Count Radowitz was one of the leading diplomatists of Germany, between whom and Bismarck the most cordial relations existed. He called Count Gontaut-Biron aside and made a clean breast to him about Germany's warlike preparations and intentions. France was to be invaded with an enormous army; Paris was to be occupied, as were all the other large towns in France; an indemnity of *ten milliards of francs*—twice the amount of the indemnity imposed in 1871—was to be paid by France; her garrison towns and fortresses were to be occupied by German troops for twenty years; in a word, France was to be made a vassal of Germany, independent only in name.

Count Gontaut-Biron immediatly made his goverment aware of what Count Radowtz had told him. MacMahon at once sent General Leflo with all possible speed to St. Petersburg to obtain an immediate interview with the Czar of Russia, the emperor Alexander, who was killed by the nihilists in 1882. The czar had evidently been in the dark about Germany's designs on France, for it was only when the French diplomatist and envoy gave him complete documentary evidence of Germany's intentions as revealed by Radowitz, that he deigned to treat the matter in a serious manner. Once, however, that the French envoy showed him the absolute proofs of what Germany intended to do, his manner changed completely, and he became pale with excitement and indignation. The result of the interview was that the czar assured the French envoy of the fullest and most complete support of Russia, should Germany dare to attack France. So what would probably have been the most horrible war the century has seen was averted by Bismarck and the Czar of Russia.

M. de Blowitz seems to be at a loss to account for Bismarck's action in this matter, and for playing the role of something like traitor to his country. It was, of course, he, and he alone, that caused Radowitz to tell the French minister at the ball in Berlin all about Germany's preparations and intentions. But why did Bismarck do so? M. de Blowitz does not seem to know exactly. It may have been that Bismarck thought such a wanton war would have shocked humanity in general, would have caused a coalition against Germany, and have brought about general war and ruin; or he may have been urged to the extraordinary course he adopted by purely humane motives. At all events he certainly averted one of the most tremendous calamities of modern times.

M. de Blowitz' article puts the characters of the late Emperor William and the late Gen. Von Moltke in a very shaded light, to say the least. It is well for both of them that they are dead rather than have to answer such charges as are brought against their memories. The idea of attacking a prostrate nation for no other reason than because she had made not only the most gigantic, but the most sublime efforts the world had ever seen to rise from disaster and defeat, was so horrible and so infernal that it brands with everlasting ignominy the memories of the men who entertained it.

R.

GOOD IRISH DOCTRINE.

THE CITIZEN, in a recent issue, congratulated Mr. John E. Redmond, member for Waterford city, on his manly speech during the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill. We had then seen only the skeletonic cable report. The speech, as delivered, was a splendid one, and the following passages will especially commend themselves to our readers:

"The very fact that this imperial parliament is, and will continue to be, supreme, makes it utterly impossible for any law that it may make to be a final and immutable law. And, again, suppose that every Irishman alive were to join in giving an undertaking that he would regard the constitution as final, of what value would that gurrantee be? No, we cannot bind the future—the future, with its interests, its wider opinions, and its higher aspirations of the generations to come. In that sense I absolutely decline to give any such guarantee as the right honorable gentleman the member for West Birmingham thinks necessary for those who commend this bill to the consideration of the country. But that was not what the right honorable gentleman meant. He meant that we in saying that we will accept this bill will do so in bad faith, and with no desire to find in the working of the measure a clear solution of the Irish question, and that is for the purpose of showing that this measure has designs hostile to the English government and the empire. That is what he means. For my part, I disclaim any such intention. It is true we decline to pledge ourselves that this must remain a final settlement.

"It is true we regard this bill as a compromise, and not as a full concession of all we are entitled to obtain, but we wish to accept the measure in a fair, honest, and candid spirit, and to work it for all it is worth in the hope and belief that it may put an end to the old chapter of English oppression and Irish resistance. But the right honorable gentleman, the member for West Birmingham, says there is the question of the imperial parliament. It is not necessary for me to dwell a moment longer upon that point. I challenge anyone in this house to quote a statement of mine, or any of those associated with me, that so long as we remain partners in the empire at all, the supremacy of the imperial parliament is to be, or ought to be, abrogated. We have maintained that the concession of free institutions in Ireland means that you shall have put an amount of trust in the Irish people, but that the interference of this parliament in the working of those institutions would be absolutely inconsistent. Representative institutions exist in other portions of the empire. How many of them would exist in six months if this house took into its head to exercise its right as a supreme legislature? The concession of representative institutions to Ireland means that you have made up your minds to let us manage our own affairs, free from the interference of the imperial parliament. It is true that honorable gentlemen anticipate that the necessity for interference by this parliament will cease. That may be. I think it will, for I am one of those who agree with Mr. Parnell's opinion, that the Irish people under home rule will be shrewd enough to know that any violation of the constitution or oppression proceeding out of that parliament will be so many nails driven into the coffin of the constitution, and I do not, therefore, think that the occasion for interference will arise. If it does arise, nothing we can say, nothing we can do, nothing that you can put in an act of parliament now can deprive you of the right to prevent the Irish parliament, as you can prevent the Australian and Canadian parliaments, from checking the growth of oppression and injustice.

"I do not intend to dwell, even for a moment, on the question of finance. I have nothing to add—I have not been able to add—to my sources of information, and therefore I have nothing to add to what I said on the first reading of the bill on this point. But the longer these financial clauses have been studied, the more they have been distrusted. It is right we should be perfectly candid in a matter of this kind. I have met no member of any political party whatever in Ireland who has been able to tell me that Ireland could be successfully worked and successfully governed under the financial clauses of the bill as they now stand; and I would add that if the clauses are to remain in their present form, the government and their supporters in this house will have to recognize the fact that it will become a horrible responsibility for any Irish representative to accept this bill as a settlement. No representative can do so unless the bill contains in the financial portion provisions to enable the government of Ireland to be successfully carried on. Leaving details in this head aside for discussion in committee, I pass on to what I take to be the real issue at stake.

"The real issue is whether you will make up your minds to confer upon Ireland a representative government—a government which will give constitutional expression to the will of her people, to the constitutional voice of those who rule. There are two ways in which this great and vital principle might be carried out. There is the Irish way and then there is the English way. We look upon the principle as one unto the law to be conceded to us as of right. We do not entirely or mainly rest our claim for free representative institutions on grievances. We rest our claim on right. The right honorable gentleman the member for West Birmingham thinks that if Mr. Pitt had been able to carry Catholic Emancipation the Union would have been popular and that the passage of remedial measures would have been of equal service in cementing the Irish and English peoples. We look at it from a different standpoint. We do not rest our claim solely or mainly on grievances. If the government of my country by Englishmen were the best that could have been devised by the wit of man, I would be as strong a Home Ruler as I am today. Without exaggeration, I believe this—that Irish Nationalists would rather be badly governed by their own countrymen than live under the best English government you could give them. We say that Ireland is a distinct and separate Nationality in point of historic importance. It was a nation long before England. Our people stand higher than those of England, for far away in the ages of the past Ireland was the centre of civilization and learning whereas England was but a barbarous province in the Roman Empire. For over 600 years Ireland had her own parliament, which had an exclusive right to legislate for the Irish people. That parliament was robbed from Ireland by violence and corruption, and against the will of the people. Do English members always recall that fact? In 1799, when the government of the day proposed the Union, that measure would not have been carried had that parliament been dissolved after the defeat of the government. But it was not dissolved. The Catholics had been enfranchised years before, but they were not allowed to exercise the franchise. The right honorable gentleman referred to armed insurrection, and said that Ireland was deficient in the qualities that would sustain such insurrection. It is impossible for a country like Ireland, with all the advances of military science, to be ready for armed insurrection, but the spirit of resistance still lives, the spirit is alive now as in any period for the last century, and my most fervent prayer is that it will meet with no provocation in the rejection of measures of conciliation or in unworthy taunts such as those of the member for West Birmingham. So much for the Irish way."

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	1,582 70
P. F. Tighe, St. Johns, N.B., per *Hibernian Record*	1 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills. The home will be presented to Mrs. Curley on May 18.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Galwegian," City—The distance from Galway to Dublin is given in the Atlas at 129 statutory (English) miles.

LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

Some Account of the Campaign Against the Ute Indians in Colorado During the Fall of 1879.

Lieut. Weir's Tragical Death—Gallant Battle Against Great Odds of Lieut. Hall and Party—Border Manners and "Courtesies."

[For The Citizen.]

BY JOHN F. FINERTY.

Day after day passed, and still there came no word from Washington. The younger officers became very impatient, and those disposed to go hunting eagerly begged leave to be allowed to follow their inclinations. As no Indians had been seen for several days, nobody dreamed of danger, especially as we all knew that negotiations for peace were in progress. Among the officers who accompanied the expedition, by special permission, was Lieut. Weir, who had been in charge of the ordnance stores at Fort D. A. Russell. He was a fine, handsome young soldier, and a born Nimrod. His groom was an intelligent German, named Humme, who had been sergeant-major of the Fifth Cavalry, head steward in a Chicago hotel, and several other things besides. He was, if possible, more fond of hunting and fishing than his employer, and possessed an extraordinary influence over the latter, which eventually proved fatal to both.

Lieut., now Capt. W. P. Hall, of the Fifth Cavalry, who recently refused promotion as paymaster in the army with the rank of major, on the ground that he wanted service not ease, was a personal friend of young Weir and shared with him a passion for the chase. Both pressed Gen. Merritt for leave to go on a hunt, and also to explore the country, and, after a great deal of hesitation, he finally consented to let them go, attended by a small escort.

Accordingly, early on the morning of Oct. 20, the party, which consisted of Lieuts. Hall and Weir, Paul Humme, Private Sullivan, and the scouts "Jim" Baker, renowned on the old frontier; young Drais, alias "Colorow," Oliver and Martin, all mounted and accompanied by two pack animals, left camp and proceeded toward Grand River, over a route somewhat different to that the command had previously marched upon. The officers waved Col. Henry and myself a cordial adieu, as they rode down to White River and crossed to the southern bank. We thought no more of the matter until about 10 o'clock that night, when we were startled by horsemen galloping full tilt into the encampment. It was Lieut. Hall, attended by all his party, except Lieut. Weir and Humme.

They proceeded to the General's tent, and informed him that they had been "jumped" by Indians several miles down the canon, and that they feared Weir and Humme, who had not returned to camp, were lost. The General was greatly annoyed and immediately ordered a strong detachment of the Fifth Cavalry to proceed with Lieut. Hall to the place where the missing men were last seen.

Meanwhile, I had learned from old "Jim" Baker—the friend and comrade of Kit Carson and "Jim" Bridger—the particulars of the affair. His account was, substantially, thus:

"You see," said "Jim," "that ere leftenant, who wore the corduroys (Weir) and his pard (Humme) were almost crazy about getting some deer, and would not hear of such a thing as danger from Indians. Well, I've been frontiering it now, nigh onto forty years, and I never yet knew the time you could trust a red skin, once he had tasted blood. Howsumever, we rode down that canon, heading for Grand river, in good shape, but saw nothing worth while, until we stopped to lunch, about noon, near a big point o' rocks. Just about as we had finished, a band o' black tail deer crossed the trail about 300 yards in our front, and Humme he started up, and he said 'Leftenant, let's have a shot at 'em.' Weir caught up his gun at once, but Hall he said 'Don't you shoot, either of you, until we are coming back.' He wanted, you see, not to be bothered with the carcasses.

"With that Weir sulked like, and called Humme with him, and both took after the deer, eastward, toward the top of the mountain. Hall called to them to come back, but they paid no heed, and the rest of us continued along the old Grand river trail. We had gone about a mile, when we heard a shot, then two shots, then three—at last a perfect fusillade. As both Weir and Humme had Winchesters, Hall said they had found the deer and were shooting them. 'Leftenant,' says I, 'there wor too many shots fired over there for two men, even with repeaters.'

"He said nothing for a minute or two. We wor riding ahead of the rest, and, of a sudden, he cried out, 'By ——, Jim, they're on to us! There are fresh pony tracks!"

"He pointed to the wagon road, and there, plain as the sun in the sky, were Indian pony tracks, not an hour old, and forty of them, if there was one!

"The spurs of the mountains lay between us and where Weir and Humme had disappeared, but, before five minutes, crack! crack! crack! we heard guns on our left, and behind the puffs of smoke were Indians in war bonnets!

"We tried to turn north by east and make a running fight, but there were too many of the critters, and Hall, who has the narve of a grizzly bear, cried out, 'Men, dismount, and get into the aroya!'

"Fortunately for our scalps there was a deep ravine, of small dimensions, a little up the slope, and into it we got, leading our horses. The cap was shot clean from my head, and several of us got balls through our clothes, but, as soon as we fixed the horses, we turned our attention to the bloody Utes, who kept peppering at us for all they were worth.

"'Make breastworks of the banks, and give 'em hell,' cried Hall, who set the

example by discharging his gun right at the beggars, who stood in the edge of the rocks.

"They sent back better than we gave 'em, and they soon pinned our noses to the ground, in spite of all we could do. Well, we managed, notwithstandin' to get in an occasional shot, but the leftenant he said, 'Jim, they're gettin' ready for a rush, so look out and spare your ammunition. This thing is goin' to last till night!'

"Sure enough they did make their rush, and came down on both banks, but we held the line of fire lengthways 'o the ravine, and they couldn't get a sight on us. At last, two bolder than the others reached their guns right down into the hole and fired, hitting one of the horses. The soldier (Sullivan), Hall and myself fired at once, but missed, as the devils drew back from the side. Young 'Colorow' (Drais) let a whoop out of him like a mad bull, jumped clean up in full view of the Indians and shot one of them through the heart, as dead as a door nail! That gave 'em enough for an hour or two, but towards nightfall they came back on us with another rush. In this scrimmage we killed one and wounded a couple—the soldier, the lieutenant, Drais and myself doin' the firin'. The rest were minding the horses.

"'I guess they're pretty sick of us by this time, Jim,' said the lieutenant to me, grinnin'. They don't stand much killin', these Utes.'

"'More than you think for, leftenant,' says I, 'but they don't ever attack at night, so I think we can get away in the darkness, as the moon won't rise till late.'

"We waited until it grew quite dark—there was snow in the air, and clouds on the stars—and then I said to Hall, 'Liftenant, now, or never.'

"'All right,' said he. 'Lead out the horses. If we are fired on, mount and make for the roughest part of the mountain, where we can stand them off.'

"His orders were obeyed, but my words proved true. The superstitious critters dasn't risk bein' killed in the night time, for fear their spirits would go blind in the happy huntin' grounds. So we mounted and rode in here without loss of time."

"What do you think," I asked, "has become of Weir and Humme?"

"Jim" closed one eye knowingly and said "The Utes take no scalps—they're out of the habit, since they're half Christianized—but I'm sure I saw Weir's hat on one of the vagabonds when they made that second rush!"

Morning dawned redly, and, in its early light, I met Lieut. Hall and his exploring party returning. A stark, rigid thing was extended across the back of a horse, wrapped in an army blanket, which was saturated with blood. I looked at it significantly.

"Yes," said Hall, "that is all that is left of poor Weir. We couldn't find the other body. I suppose it's stuck somewhere among the rocks."

An examination of the unfortunate young man's body showed that the ball had entered the side of his head and passed out through his neck, proving that he had been shot from above. The body was placed temporarily in a grave; and the General, dissatisfied at the detachment not having found the remains of Humme, sent out a still stronger detachment under Maj E. V. Sumner, of the Fifth Cavalry, to discover and bury it.

This duty was well accomplished. Humme's body was found to be filled with bullet wounds. He had made a most gallant running fight of half a mile or so, but, finally, having had both eyes shot out, succumbed to superior numbers. The remains were interred where they were found, and thus ended one of the saddest tragedies of which the annals of border warfare make record.

While searching for Humme's body, Maj. Sumner was rather astonished at seeing a large body of Indians approaching him from the south. He prepared his men for action; but, just as he was about to fire upon the, as he supposed, advancing foe, a large, blonde-bearded white man, who was accompanied by another Caucasian of darker aspect, rushed to the front of the savages and waved a white handkerchief in token of peace. It was Gen. Adam and Count —— of the German Legation at Washington. The General said that a provisional treaty had been concluded with the Indians by which the female captives would be returned to their friends and White river agency matters readjusted. The Indians who accompanied him said they were engaged in the fight with Hall and his party, and had lost two men killed and several wounded. When they failed to dislodge the whites, they began to fear that the main body would come upon them, and so they got out of the way, intending to renew the attack early in the morning, as they had no notion Hall would attempt to escape on horseback through that difficult country at night. They said, but doubtless they lied, that they took the party for an advanced guard, and that this led them to attack Weir and Humme in the first place, and Hall's outfit in the second. Gen. Adams endeavored to get them to Merritt's camp, but the subtle creatures—the most suspicious of mankind—utterly refused, and, having seen him safe in Sumner's hands, returned to the Indian villiage on Grand river.

Gen. Merritt soon received orders from Washington which sent him into cantonment on White river for the winter. This meant, for him and his command, a dreary exile of months from all the comforts and relaxations of civilized existence. The doctors were amazed at the number of officers and men that became suddenly unfit for duty—all wanted to get back to the railroad, now that there was no prospect of fighting and promotion.

The story of the Meeker massacre and abduction combined is now nearly forgotten, but it was a tragedy of the most brutal character. The cries of the male victims for mercy were absolutely unheeded. They were brained like so many wild animals, and their women, young and old, were carried off and dishonored, without discrimination. Pride and shame made these unfortunate females conceal the hideous truth for many months after their liberation, but, finally, all leaked out. Miss Meeker, indeed, had the weakness to glorify her ravisher, the Chief Persune, as a hero and a defender, when, in sore truth, he was a lustful brute who took base advantage of her helpless condition. Her aged mother was polluted by another red scoundrel, in spite of her agonizing shrieks, and the othor women were even worse treated, if that were possible. Had not Gen. Adam come upon the scene—the Utes both loved and respected him—the wretched captives would, no doubt, have been cruelly murdered to prevent them from denouncing their ravishers. It was through the indignant old lady the truth was finally discovered. Some of the ring leaders of the savages were punished, but, in the end, the red demons got the best of the bargain with the government.

As I could not stand the monotony of the camp on White river, I took advantage of the making of a new road by Col. Henry's detachment to return to Rawlins. We crossed the mountains, avoiding Milk river canon, and shortened the road to the railway by nearly thirty miles. After reaching Bear river, I set out for Snake river crossing with a few men, under Lieut. Hardee, of the Third cavalry, and, after a hard ride of forty-five miles, begun at daybreak and finished at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reached the point of destination. Three days later, having while en route nearly frozen to death at Bridger's Pass, Wyoming, I reached Rawlins. There I found encamed Col. Brackett and all of the Third cavalry that were not at "the front," with several other detachments of horse and foot. As the hotel was crowded and abominable, I accepted the invitation of Lieut. Bainbridge Reynolds, my old acquaintance of '76, to tent with him for a day or two. Col. Brackett gave an informal dinner to the battalion officers, Jerome Stilson, of the New York *World*, some other newspaper men and myself, at which all the meats used were the product of the chase. Buffalo hump and tongue, saddle of black tail deer, chops of big horn sheep, leg of Rocky Mountain goat, steak of grizzly bear, loin of antelope, stewed jack rabbit, stuffed partridge, wild goose gibets and broiled jack snipe made the hospitable Colonel's mess-table "groan." Yet, alas! human happiness is never complete. The Rawlins whisky was odious, and the Rawlins beer worse. Stilson was sick for a week after the experience, and others of the party for several days. The staunch old colonel didn't have a hair turned and designated the sick and wounded, in stomach, greenhorns.

Rawlins is the antipodes of Paradise, as all men, and most women, who have been there know. Fort Steele was situated near it, and Rawlins furnished the flint, with which there was an eternal flame of firewater kept up. The Lord only knows how many soldiers died there on the altar of Bacchus. While I was in town, some murders were committed, but hardly anybody paid attention to them. Such occurrences were so common on the Old Frontier as hardly to excite comment. If "the thing was done fair"—that is if a man shot another on sight after having warned him, or shot him in the heat of passion during an unexpected quarrel—public opinion was on his side, and the sheriff, no matter how brave and determined to do his duty, was baffled. But if it was a case of cowardly and deliberate assassination, for gain or revenge, Judge Lynch generally took the law into his own hands, dispensing most magnanimously with both courts and sheriffs. Occasionally the innocent suffered, but the great mass of lynched offenders richly deserved their punishment.

It is indisputable that our old frontiers—the Rio Grande, Western Plains and Black Hills—were haunted by the boldest and bloodiest set of ruffians that ever disgraced a country—wretches who delighted in killing their fellow men on the slightest provocation, or without any cause whatever, for the mere excitement of the thing. The bar-rooms were generally the chosen centres of sanguinary storms. Bad whisky was the primary, and gambling the immediate, cause of most of the tragedies. Every man kept his knife and pistols handy, and every dispute was settled on the spot, in blood.

The unoffending stranger was often chosen as a victim by the desperadoes. If he refused to drink with them they shot him, and if he drank with him they shot with equal impartiality. In fact in some of those wild communities a man had no standing unless he had, at least, a dozen corpses to his credit. Yet, as a rule, the white savages did not molest women, and, when sober, were not particularly dangerous. But alcohol unchained the demon within them, and Indians were hardly less merciless than those border ruffians, when in their cups. For real ruffianism the old Rio Grande frontier has never been surpassed. I will relate a few instances of life in Texas a dozen or more years ago.

One night, in 1877, I happened to be at Eagle Pass and had occasion to call at the post trader's store in Fort Duncan. The trader, Mr. John Carroll, was absent, but his assistant—a handsome boy of 16—I found seated on the counter, picking pieces of his shin bone out of an ugly looking wound in his left leg.

"How did that happen you?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "about a week ago a party of toughs came up from the river and called for whisky. I told them I could not sell any, so one of them drew his revolver and said, 'See here, you young cub, if you were a man I'd shoot you in the heart, but since you're only a brat, take that to teach you how to behave to gentlemen!' He fired at my legs, and shot me in the shin bone, as you see. I thought first the leg would have to be sawed off, but I guess I'll pull through all right."

Only ten days before this event occurred, Mr. Nugent Townsend, representing the London *Field*, had come down to Eagle Pass from San Antonio. He was driven from Fort Clark to the Pass by a driver named Frank. The latter was drinking. Townsend, although a Corkman by birth, was awfully English, you know, in appearance and manner. His observations on Western Texas were not pleasing to the driver, who conceived an intense dislike to Townsend's aristotcratic bearing, Eton accent and hair parted in the middle.

That evening at the dinner table in the Eagle Pass tavern, Frank was Townsend's vis-a-vis at table. The driver was then filled to overflowing with blue forty rod. He accosted Townsend thus:

"See here, you bloody English duffer, you don't like this country, heh?"

Townsend replied good naturedly. "Well, I've seen better."

"The h—you have! How fast did you ever ride in England, stranger?"

"Oh, seventy miles an hour on the leading railroads."

"Did you ever have a faster ride in a coach than you had today?"

"Oh, yes, many times—going in a tallyho to the Derby."

"You're a ——— liar, you are," roared the driver, "and when you leave this room I'll be at the door to blow your brains out!"

Then he rose and left the table, exposing two navy revolvers as he did so.

Five or six cattlemen were seated at a table in the other end of the room, and must have heard what passed, but made no sign.

Townsend—a stranger in the place and very naturally alarmed at the savage threat made against his life—went up to them and said:

"Gentlemen, you heard what that man said to me?"

They answered not a word.

"He said," continued Townsend, "that when I leave this room he will blow my brains out!"

"Oh, did he, though?" drawled one of them, picking his teeth with his fork. "Then he'll do it. Go right out to him. Don't bring him in here. We have nothing to do with your quarrel!"

"Lend me a pistol to defend myself with," said Nugent, appealingly.

"The landlord will give you one, if you can find him," was the answer.

Meanwhile, a dreadful commotion arose at the door. A shot was fired, and there was evidently a struggle in progress. Townsend rushed out, and found the landlord and town marshal struggling with Frank, whose pistol had gone off in the struggle.

"Let me kill that English ———!" he shouted, foaming at the mouth with rage.

At length he was overpowered and disarmed. They locked him in the calaboose, and Townsend, taking advantage of his captivity, soon placed many good miles between himself and Eagle Pass.

Strange to say, the same driver, Frank, was my Jehu from the Pass back to Fort Clark. We got along well together, although he confessed to a dislike for all newspaper men.

"There was a duck down here some weeks ago," he remarked, "as hailed from London and wore his hair woman fashion. I had no use for him. He was the darndest, most malignantest, barefacedest, lyin' critter I ever did see. He said there was beiter drivers nor me in England. I'd have shot him like a rat, if they'd let me be. I'll do it yet by —. It's nuts to me to kill English greenhorns. They know too much—leastways they think they do—for their own health in these parts. Did you ever see anyone handle the lines smarter nor I do?"

"Never!" said I most fervently.

Frank smiled like an angel. "Now," said he, "I like a man that talks sense!"

May Party.

The Finerty Club (G. A. A.) will hold their second May party at Cline's Hall, corner Wells and Huron streets, on Saturday evening, May 13. The Club extends a cordial invitation to all, and guarantees a good time to those who attend. Music by Prof. O'Connor's orchestra. Grand entree at 9 o'clock.

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetters Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a rerult of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John P. Croke, brother of his Grace of Cashel, is a World's Fair visitor, and is a guest of his kinswoman, Mrs. John R. Murphy, No. 496 Marshfield avenue.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

"A wolf in sheep's clothing"—the substitute offered by the "cutter" as being just as good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you don't want to be bitten, insist upon having Ayer's Sarsaparilla, even if it is a little dearer. Depend on it, it will be cheaper for you in the end.

NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, is not employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

BACTERIA BOGIES.

Eleanor Kirk Takes a Fling at Them in Her Customary Snappy Way.

Trials of a Young Lady Who Rashly Got Inside of a Hoop-Skirt.

BROOKDYN, N. Y., May 3.—"How can you joke on so serious a subject?"

The person who spoke was a nervous woman, and the topic was Bacteria. It had been served up in every possible form. She had boiled them, roasted them, stewed and fried them. She described her filtering processes, and her frantic endeavors by day and by night to keep the wriggling sperms or germs out of the water drunk and the food eaten by her family, and ended with the prophesy of an infectious and incurable disease caused by bacteria which was on its way to her.

Then I laughed.

"Is it possible that you do not know what medical men are saying and doing on this subject?" my companion asked, with flashing eyes.

Intelligent medical men—and there is a vast army of men who have received diplomas and started in to practice, who are not intelligent—are dealing with this subject just as wisely as circumstances will allow and their patients will permit. I asked my hysterical friend how many doctors she had ever known who succumbed to infectious diseases, and at the moment she could not recall one. Of course we all know that the percentage is very small. Why is this? Because these men and women, realizing that their duty lies in so-called dangerous places, school themselves to their work, and the very first effect of this preparation is the dismissal of fear. Fear drops from them like an old garment, and though they take certain outwardly sanitary precautions, they are not themselves in the least apprehensive about spreading these diseases in their families or elsewhere. This mental attitude holds the neighborhood quiet, and I have known nervous, trembling women, to absolutely waylay physicians who have just come out from chambers of infection, and converse with them without fear, when they would have run like deers at the approach of any member of the family.

Our friends who are expecting cholera would do well to think of these things.

Everybody who reads the newspapers must know the carnival that bacteria has enjoyed in the Croton water. Some of the reports are too revolting to think of, to say nothing of repeating. And yet my friend has drunk that water freely for fifteen years, and never had a sick day in her life until the filthy condition of the beverage was brought to her notice. Now she is ill all the time, and is sure that she is going to die speedily.

Now, I don't believe in dirt, and don't want any more bacteria in mine than is necessary. I shall take every possible sensible precaution against "catching things," so-called, and I shall eat and drink without following down every mouthful I swallowed with my mind to see how it is getting along. If the bacteria previously taken into my system haven't resulted in disease and death, I don't see why I should worry about the future supply. At any rate, I am not going to, and I would recommend my readers to put the brakes on to borrowing trouble about these things. Let us take care of these more or less negative parts of our minds—our bodies—by making ourselves more and more positive to the things we have so long feared. Fear is the deadliest enemy we have to contend with, and is it not strange, since there is really nothing in all this universe to be afraid of? We can be the conquering heroes of all our circumstances if we so elect. And that is my last word on this subject at this time.

The *Journal of Realistic Idealism* is edited and published by Ada Wilmans Powers, Atlanta, Ga., and the friends who have written to me for points regarding the best manner of obtaining information in regard to mental science would do well to place themselves in correspondence with this marvelously logical exponent of these great truths. The *Journal* is a successor to *Wilmans' Express*, and is a magazine for students. To those who really want to know I recommend this earnest and scientific periodical.

"Daisy" writes that she paid a big price for three hoop skirts to wear to Chicago, and had all her spring and summer dresses crinolined, and now everybody is laughing at her. "Daisy" lives in Utica, and as she got into a trolley car the other day, the boys in the street sent up a shout, the conductor laughed in her face and the passengers all grinned and stared at her.

I am sure that "Daisy" must be a new reader of my correspondence. If this were not the case she would not have been so foolish as to throw away her money and make herself an object of ridicule. "Daisy" has had a hard lesson, but all hard lessons are salutary. She made a mistake in thinking she wanted an unbecoming costume, because she had heard it was going to be fashionable. Women of taste and good sense will not wear hoops or crinoline.

"Sufferer" wishes to know "if the eraser of superfluous hair, in the shape of a stone sold by Miss M. G. Anderson, will positively prevent the hair from growing again upon the face and hands."

It positively will not, and this fact was definitely stated when the implement was first mentioned. Nothing but the electric needle will totally eradicate this troublesome growth, but for those who cannot afford this treatment, or who live too far away from an honest operator, this eraser is an excellent makeshift. It costs fifty cents only, and it can be used frequently enough to preserve a good appearance.

Miss Anderson had so many heart-breaking letters on this subject that she felt very happy when she found something that would answer this temporary purpose. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

1779. 1893.

HONOR TOM MOORE!

The 114th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S GREAT POET,

—AND—

One of the Greatest Poets Produced by Any Nation,

Will Be Celebrated by a Musical and Literary Festival at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

STATE AND RANDOLPH STREETS, ON

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27, '93.

The proceeds will be devoted to the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue to Thomas Moore in this city.

PROGRAMME:

1. Organ Solo, Fantasie, Moore's Melodies.....
   Mr. William Middelschulte.
2. Opening Address, by the Chairman.....
   Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.
3. Baritone Solo, "O, Where's the Slave So Lowly".....Moore
   Mr. M. J. Murphy.
4. Soprano Solo, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile".....Moore
   Mrs. Maude Wells.
5. Harp Solo, "Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
   Mrs. Clara Murray.
6. Baritone Solo, "Believe Me if All".....Moore
   Mr. Edward J. Quinlan.
7. Contralto Solo, "Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
   Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Gaelic Version of "The Bard's Legacy".....Archbishop McHale
   Mr. James M. Corrigan.
9. Address, "Moore and his Kindred Poets,"
   Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett.
10. Contralto Solo, "The Harp That Once".....Moore
    Miss Kate Coffey.
11. Tenor Solo, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
    Mr. John J. Wynne.
12. Harp Solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....
    Mrs. Clara Murray.
13. Recitation, "The Battle of Fontenoy".....
    Mr. John Lane O'Connor.
14. Baritone Solo, "Night Closed Around".....Moore
    Mr. M. J. Murphy.
15. Quartette, Selection.....Moore
    Mrs. Maude Wells, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. John J. Wynne, Mr. E. J. Quinlan.
16. Closing Remarks.....
    Mr. John F. Finerty.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquette and Circle.....$1.00
Main Balcony.....75 Cents
Second Balcony.....50 Cents

Boxes at Usual Prices, according to location. Box office will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats several days prior to the entertainment.

BERNARD CURTIS, Chairman and Treasurer. WILLIAM C. McCLURE, Secretary.

JAMES J. EGAN, P. McHUGH,
F. D. KINSELLA, PATRICK O'CONNOR,
JOHN F. FINERTY, GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
M. J. KEANE, Committee of Arrangements.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"How to obtain a Postoffice or Custom House position." Full information and pointers on the examinations, in a new book just published, "How to Obtain a Government Position." 25 cents. By mail. HAWTHORNE PUBLISHING Co., 1108 Unity Building, Chicago.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE SILVER BIRCH.

Beside the graveyard gateway grows,
With silver boughs, a slender tree
That swaying as the east wind blows
Bends low and seems to beckon me.
It need not bid me; well I know
'Tis almost time for me to go.

With white face, through those iron gates,
On my set lips no last goodby,
Where, by my mother's side, it waits,
The narrow bed where I must lie!
And its green sheet the grass will spread,
And cover me from foot to head!

Dark, dark, and still! but wherefore fear?
God's love is than God's heaven more wide;
And close to what life held most dear,
I shall sleep by my mother's side,
And when I waken I shall see
Her tender smile still waiting me!

—Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

A STRAY SHOT.

It was a warm time in the Moravia valley—not only climatically, for the summer was exceptionally hot and oppressive, but warm with the heat of battle, burning villages and blazing campfires. Every night for the last week in August, 1876, a dull red light flowed over the valley, coloring the limpid waters of the Moravia with bloodlike tints.

A low crackling and hissing came sighing with the evening breeze from burning homesteads of the unfortunate Servian peasantry as specks of bright flame shot up into the air. Each day's bloody work added to the night's ruddy glow, for the Turks were always victorious and destroyed everything that came in their way as they advanced up the valley, illustrating the aphorism, "Where the hoof of the Turkish horse treads no blade of grass ever grows." I had watched the last shots one evening flicker against the purple background of the darkening hills, spattering in the gloaming like flecks of fire from a flint and steel, for the Turks were now within a few miles of our town, and tomorrow portended a warmer period still.

Far into the night the stretcher bearers were trailing over the Alexinatz bridge up through the winding streets of the town with their groaning burdens of maimed humanity.

Early in the month several English surgeons and dressers had arrived, and under the superintendence of Surgeon Major Mackellar were busy at work in the little schoolhouse, which had been transformed early in the campaign into a temporary hospital. Tonight there was an almost unbroken line of bearers stretching from the schoolhouse through the main street out of the town into the open country.

Archibald Forbes and I, after a hasty meal in the little hostelry near by, would devote our evenings to starting from the hospital and examining the patient sufferers on their litters as they awaited their turn. We found that many of the badly wounded had waited since early dawn for treatment, and some, growing impatient, had struggled out of their stretchers or blocked wagons and crawled along the sidewalks toward the schoolhouse till their life blood had drained from their veins down the gutters. There they lay, stiff and stark, staring up into the face of the mellow moon. As we walked slowly down this sad procession we would turn those who were already dead aside to make room and the time shorter for the living to gain the hospitals. Forbes and I wandered backward and forward on this painful duty till the fires in the valley paled in the stronger light of dawn.

The three or four rooms constituting the hospital were crowded with wounded; there was hardly space for the doctors to work in, and this they had to do by the fitful flicker of a few tallow candles stuck in patches of grease on the floor. I had been assisting the surgeons by passing the instruments from one room to the other, holding a candle, or pressing the hand of some poor fellow under treatment, when, almost faint with the stifling atmosphere, I thought I would seek some fresh air. Picking my way through the crowd of wounded on the landing and stairway, I had at last gained the street entrance, when my leg was plucked at by some poor creature in the shadow of the portal. As he lifted his face a moonbeam fell on a sight I shall never forget. His face, a mere pulp, was crushed by a fragment of shell, and was as black as a negro's with clotted gore; only air bubbles frothed from where his nose and mouth had been.

Staring appalled at this grewsome sight, he aroused me by touching my boot and slowly lifting his arm pointed to the lower part of his face. The poor fellow repeated this action before I understood him. Then I knelt by his side, unscrewed my brandy flask and poured some of the liquid down his throat. He could not express his gratitude by word of mouth, but his eyelids trembled and he slowly lifted his arm again gradually, bringing his hand to the salute. The quiet patience of this soldier, his fearful plight, will ever remain in my memory.

During the night a contingent of Russian volunteers arrived with a few officers. Then, when the sun was well up, Servian re-enforcements came in from Belgrade. To blare of bugles, with swinging gait, they tramped down the street. Some of the few remaining wounded of the previous night still lying in the gutters aroused themselves for the moment and tried to turn their groans to cheers. Regiment after regiment passed on. Far into the morn the points of the bayonets glistened above the dust as the troops marched through the town out into the open, down into the valley—the valley of the shadow of death, for the smell of powder and blood was everywhere. The desultory shots which had been exchanged in the early morning gradually ceased, and for a time a universal quietude reigned, but just before midday the opening of the artillery fire on both sides and the sharp crackle of musketry presaged close fighting.

I am easily stirred by some dramatic action in a good play or the martial strains of a fine band, but the ping of the bullet and the whistle of shell stir me more. "Plenty of time," said my friend Forbes, noticing my perturbated spirit. "They are just playing up to the grand finale, and that is when we ought to be there. Come, sit down and eat your dinner."

We took our accustomed seats at the little table in the corner of our inn facing the street. As we were beginning our meal a smiling young Russian with Calmucklike cheekbones, tip tilt nose, sandy hair, and small gray eyes looked through the window, and a pair of blue spectacles perched on his olfactory organ. On seeing us he opened the door, walked in, bowed and marched up to our table. With a smile he wiped his pince nez on the sleeve of his jacket, placed them on the table by his plate, then called for food and commenced eating.

Now, being more or less of an old campaigner, I can put up with almost any kind of eccentricity in the manner of eating, but this little Russian's behavior was, to say the least, nauseating—not so much in using his fingers or in the fact that if we had such luxuries we would not have hesitated in eating peas with a knife—for that weapon he used with marvelous dexterity in conveying his food to his mouth. When the feeding was done, he calmly seized his fork, which had been untouched for any edible use and slowly began dislodging from between his teeth the stringy portions of the tough beefsteak he had been consuming. At one moment he seemed to be performing an act of jugglery as the 3-pronged instrument almost disappeared down his throat in search of some molar, but it would miraculously turn up once more as much as to say, "You observe, ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception about it."

My sense of decency was so aroused at this loathsome exhibition that I turned to Forbes and whispered, "That young man will not be a great loss to society if he gets shot this afternoon." The gentleman with the fork did not seem to notice our well marked aversion to his eccentric behavior. After the Russian had made his mouth comfortable and lodged his goggles on his sunburned nose his face widened into a grin as he told us that he had only arrived that morning and that he knew us by repute; that he was a brother war correspondent for a Moscow journal, and he felt so honored in making the acquaintance of two such distinguished brethren.

In spite of his urbanity and good humor the uncomfortable sensation he had caused us by his novel use of the fork could not easily be defaced. We were glad to light our pipes and get once more into the open. All the time during dinner the increasing rattle of musketry and booming of guns told us the fight was waxing hotter and hotter. We hastened to the the tete du pont. The works at the bridge were bristling with bayonets, for the reserves we had seen march by in the morning were packed closely in cover. About half a mile from the bridge we joined Mackellar and his staff of surgeons and jogged along in their ambulances till a favorable spot, a deserted cottage, was reached, where we halted to receive the wounded. In our immediate front were fields of Indian corn; then a wood stretched from the river on our left flank as far as the hills skirting the right of the valley. Through this wood close into the fort hills, where it passed a village, our road could be traced by occasional puffs of dust as a shell struck it or an orderly scampered along. The fighting was going on on the other sides of the thicket. We could see the branches of the trees stand out in bold relief from the yellow flashes of our artillery on the outer fringe.

The little village on our right seemed almost deserted, but lazily hanging in the noontide heat was a red cross flag on the roof of one of the houses. Surgeon Boyd was told off to go as far as this village and report the number of wounded. Now, I knew that Boyd was very anxious to see some practice, and this was his first venture in the field, so I thought I would accompany him. As we began to move parallel to the wood a horseman passed us, waving his arm in recognition and grinning from ear to ear. His horse, a rugged, heavy boned animal, seemed to be playing cup and ball with him, but the rider still held on. It was the little Russian correspondent of the fork incident.

One or two shells from the enemy, missing our artillery, passed over the trees and came upon the road. Onwhistled so near us that we fell flat to the ground. It whisked along to the fields on our right and burst in the soft soil. As the mud and stones were shot into the air, more and more did our Russian's horse seem to play cup and ball with him till we lost sight of horse and rider as they danced into the village. A few slightly wounded soldiers dribbled through the woods into our road. We dressed their wounds, and they hurried away to the bridge in our rear. On entering the hamlet we found it rapidly filling up with wounded. Many of them had maimed themselves by blowing off their trigger fingers. The stumps were freshly blackened with powder, and we could see by the looks of these cowardly stragglers and the faces of the more seriously hurt that the day was lost.

We hurried up to the house flying the red cross. The wounded were being rapidly placed in the requisitioned country carts, which were hastened away as soon as filled. To our surprise we found the ambulance worked by Russian women, three in number, dressed in neat uniforms, with their badge of office painted on their black mackintosh aprons. Up to their armpits in blood, these plucky little ladies had been running the hospital all day, and were now standing at their post seeing to the wounded. The noise increased in the main street. Now a gun thundered along; then came another with one of the drivers badly hurt, followed by a few running infantry. The crackle of musketry seemed quite near. Presently a shell skimmed over the roof of the hospital, loosening a few tiles, but left the red cross flag lazily hanging. By Jove! thought I, the Servians have already commenced the retreat. How soon the Turks will be in the village heaven only knows.

I turned to the sisters, lifted my hat and said: "Ladies, the enemy is outflanking our position and will probably be in the town in less than half an hour. Let us see you on the road to safety, and leave this business" (pointing to the few maimed creatures still awaiting transport) "to us."

One lady with top boots of Hessian cut, short skirt and Cossack jacket, with revolver slung across her breast, touched her little black silk Montenegrin cap fixed on her head of frizzy auburn hair, and after a mock salute said sternly, "Sir, and who are you?"

Rather abashed I was stammering out a reply. Not heeding me she continued: "You are a civilian. I can see this is no place for you."

"I am a war correspondent," I stuttered.

"Then," replied she, "as a noncombatant seek a place of safety and leave us alone."

Our Russian correspondent friend of the fork incident had ridden up and was standing near. On hearing the retort of his country woman his miserable stereotyped grin suffused his face. In my inmost heart I was sorry that his horse had not missed him in the game of cup and ball and left him a league away sprawling in the dust.

The Russian red cross ladies stuck heroically to their post—what was worse, we out of pique felt obliged to stay and see them off the ground, which was now sprinkled with the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters as they cleared the way in front of them. As we left one end of the village with our contingent of wounded the Turks entered the other. Luckily for us the Serbs made a bold stand for at least an hour, allowing us to catch up with the current of the retreat.

We were swept along into thick clouds of dust, into which, struggling and jamming, rolled artillery ambulance wagons and peasants' carts covered with women and children with their goods and chattels who had retreated early in the day from the village we had just left.

For a time a serious block occurred. The wheel of a wagon left its axle, down crashed the cart, shooting its contents of household goods into the middle of the road. The pots and pans rolling between the legs of some artillery horses frightened these brutes onto their haunches, and they backed their gun into a team of oxen, setting these animals kicking out right and left, scattering the limping wounded and cowardly. With groans, shrieks and curses the seething masses wavered for a time, then struggled on, all making for the protection of the reserves at the tete du pont.

On reaching Mackellar's quarters once more I found that Forbes, with great forethought, had at the commencement of the retreat turned the doctor's ambulance wagon with the horses toward Alexinatz and was strongly urging one of the surgeons, young Hare, to hurry up into the wagon. This surgeon was facetiously called the timid Hare by us, not for want of pluck, but because of his modest and retiring temperament. Hare was fixing up the artery of a wounded soldier bleeding to death and would not leave his charge.

"For God's sake, come along!" cried Forbes, "the Turks are now on our side of the wood. Their bullets are drilling holes through the mud walls of the hut."

Still timid Hare hung on to the man's artery. We rushed at the surgeon just as the last turn of the bulldog tourniquet did its work, and Hare and his charge were bundled into the cart. In another moment we were hurried on with the rest of the column. At last we got blocked in the general crush about a mile from the bridge. Forbes and I, who were anxious to get back to the town for the post to Belgrade, decided to make a short cut across the fields. On nearing the tete du pont some mounted officers rode up to us, waving their arms in the direction of the enemy. We still kept our course. Then the officers closed in on us with revolvers pointed at our heads and requested us to return to the front. It was rather awkward. We knew what they meant. They took us for two of the numerous stragglers who preferred to fight another day. We tried to explain matters and were on the verge of immediate execution, but luckily one of the staff rode up, and on recognizing us laughed heartily and allowed us to go on our way.

Night was now falling, and the Turkish light field guns were soon silenced by our heavier artillery at the bridge head. So now, almost unmolested, the dejected Servian column crossed the river and made its way up into the town, only to repeat the horrors of the previous night. As usual, shortly after my arrival, I sauntered into the schoolhouse to see how the wounded were getting on. There was a body laid out for burial in the lower room. The figure seemed very familiar to me. Walking up to the table on which it lay, I stood dumfounded. There was the little nose, now telling almost black against the livid face. With a quiet smile on his lips lay our little correspondent friend of the fork incident. A handkerchief tied round his throat hid the wound that invited death. A stray shot had passed through his neck.

A great sadness fell upon me, for he was one of us, after all. I could picture his mother or some one dear waiting anxiously for his return to the old Muscovite city. While I was in the room two soldiers placed his body on a stretcher. A Sister of Mercy arranged a few white flowers around the little gold ikon or charm on his breast as he was carried out into the street. Being a civilian, the officials of the orthodox church had been notified of his death. In rich vestments four priests and a choir of boys headed the funeral procession, which I followed as chief mourner to the little cemetery overlooking the town. It was almost dark before the service was over.

When I returned Forbes had sent off his budget of war news and was waiting for me to sit down with him to our evening meal at the inn. I told him of the fate of the little war correspondent and my sad journey. Looking steadily at me he said:

"Do you remember your observation regarding our Russian colleague at this very table this morning?" The cruel words I had uttered in the heat of the moment came back to me with painful rapidity.—Pall Mall Budget.

CALIFORNIA STORIES.

OLD DAYS OF 1849 RECALLED BY A MAN WHO WAS ON HAND.

A Tedious Sail Around Cape Horn—Battling With Wind and Tide In the Straits of Magellan—The Mysterious Box of Hidden Gold Dust.

It was one night last week and on board the Fall River steamer in the group of chance acquaintances smoking and chatting amidships. The man with gray hair and fine wrinkles around his eyes was talking.

"It is a matter of almost 44 years," he was saying, "since the old brig Robert laid her course between here and Beavertail in the September of 1849. On board her were a lot of us Fall River men who were going out to California to the gold mines. There were one or two incidents following that start that are worth telling.

"Our wabbly, cranky old craft worked down to the straits of Magellen, and then we were 66 days more in the straits. The old square bowed brig—an awful slow sailer—would spread canvas at daylight and sail all day in the straits and anchor at night about where she started from, banging back and forth with the adverse wind and tide.

"One day we lost an anchor, and we sent some men out in a boat. They rowed up into one of the inlets and there came upon a rakish, queer looking schooner at anchor. They found the craft was a wrecking schooner looking around for wrecks. She hadn't been in any port in a long time. When they had got an anchor and chain from the captain, he said as our men were leaving:

"'What the devil is the matter? I've seen hundreds of sails going along into the Pacific lately.'

"When they told him of the discovery of gold in California he said nothing and thought a moment, with his forehead all puckered up, and then he said, 'Well, to California we go, then!' and at once made preparations to sail to the westward.

"Before she sailed Captain Henry Winslow, Edward Pratt and myself changed ships in hope of a faster passage, going aboard the schooner, whose captain we paid $100 apiece. We lay to, waiting for a favorable time for the schooner to go out. One awful foggy night, with a hurricane blowing, we saw a vessel going through the headlands. We put the glasses on her, and it was the old brig Robert! We just made up our minds the lubbering old tub would be blown down to Cape Horn and never heard of again. But at Pernambuco she turned up again all right, and the two vessels started out together, we on the schooner promising to wait in San Francisco for the Robert's company before going up to the mines. We did not see her again on the voyage. After several weeks we arrived at the Golden Gate and sailed up the bay of San Francisco. We saw lying at a wharf an old brig, put the glasses on her, found it was again the Robert—been in port over two weeks. She was hauled up side of the dock, and she never was moved from there, but lies there now, covered by some of the fine down town business blocks which are standing on made land, a quarter of a mile from the water of today.

"Ed Pratt and I went up to the mines, located a claim and went to work. After Pratt had been working quite awhile and been pretty lucky, he was called away on business to another mining camp. We were so far away from San Francisco we couldn't get our gold dust changed, so Ed took his and without any one's knowledge put it in a tin box, and one night rose and going out behind his cabin dug about four feet down into the soil and buried it, marking the spot by a tree that stood by the side of it.

"He came back several weeks after to renew work on his old claim, and he told me about hiding the gold and that he was going out to dig it up. He took his spade and went out, I along with him. He began to dig and very soon struck the box, took it up and carried it to his cabin.

"'That don't look like my box,' he said. 'It looks a little bigger some way.'

"He opened the box, and, sure enough, it wasn't his, for it had about three times the weight of gold he had buried. We were just bewildered. I suggested he must have forgotten or made a mistake regarding the gold, but he was dead sure about it. Then I said we ought to go out and dig around the place, and he took his spade, and digging down about eight inches lower found the box he had buried.

"The question was, whose box was the first one? It was put into the camp supply store, and it was advertised, but no one ever came to claim it. No one was missing from our camp, and we could never explain the mystery of the strange box. After four months Ed Pratt took the gold, by right of declared ownership. It is supposed the owner who buried it had either been killed by the Indians or murdered by Joaquin Mariette's gang, which was the terror of mining California at that time."—New York Sun.

Thumb Nail Pictures.

In collections, centuries old, to be seen in both China and Japan are specimens of the most remarkable drawings in the world, pictures of all kinds drawn with the thumb nail. The nails of the thumb on the left hand of the artists of these are allowed to grow to an enormous length, sometimes to a foot or 18 inches, and are then pared down to a pen shaped point. Dipping this oddly constructed pen in beautiful vermilion or sky blue ink, th only kinds of inks used in these sacred thumb nail drawings, the artist gracefully outlines his work.

Occasionally the bold touches from the studio of a master in this department of "high art" are life size, and are sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's arm. Like other pictures and sketches of the orient, these sacred thumb nail pictures are mounted and rolled up like scrolls.—Philadelphia Times.

Prescriptions of Sandwich Island Priests.

Although the kahuna now has to mingle other pursuits with his ministrations in order to have a sufficient supply of fish and poi to keep body and soul together, there are still some Hawaiian families in good standing who cling to the old superstition and pay handsomely for services rendered. Within the last year an ex-cabinet minister had the services of a kahuna in the hope of keeping alive an aged relative. It is also common talk that Sam Parker, ex-prime minister of Liliuokalani, has consulted the kahunas on more than one occasion. Recently, when voted out of the ministry, he drew around him the kahunas in order to ascertain what the future had in store. The kahunas prescribed for him a diet of mashed spiders, and Parker took the medicine like a lamb. Again, one day when Mr. Parker received an injury which resulted in an abscess on his leg, he was prescribed by the kahunas a poultice of spiders, which he applied to the wounded spot and suffered so from blood poisoning that it required the constant attendance of a couple of English doctors to save his life.—Honolulu Cor. of Chicago Tribune.

Tombs of the Ancient Prophets.

There exist in parts of Islam many tombs of the Prophet Daniel. Of these one of the most celebrated is at Cairo. This fact need not astonish us. The Mussulmans admit without hesitation the duplication or even indefinite multiplication of the bodies of holy persons without their veneration for each of the remains being diminished in the least. It is worth noting that the nature of the honorary qualifications accorded to the same saint varies in different countries. Thus, for example, Daniel has at Cairo the name of Nebbi-Danial—that is, they give him the title of prophet, as being at the same time that which suits him best and is the most honorable they can confer. In Algeria or Morocco—feudal countries—the title they give to saints is Sidi, which signifies lord, which is also the title there of military and political chiefs. In central Asia they give to those canonized persons whom they respect most, as to the Prophet Daniel, the title of Khodja, which means in Arabic writer or lettered.—Revue des Deux Mondes.

Animals That Trouble Ranchers.

The kangaroo plague has always been a great nuisance to the Australian squatters, for on an average these animals consume as much grass as a sheep. It is stated that on a sheep run of 60,000 to 80,000 acres 10,000 kangaroos were killed annually for six consecutive years, and yet their numbers remained very formidable in the locality. In the colony of South Australia hundreds of thousands of kangaroos are slaughtered annually for their skins and the bonus offered by the authorities. The number of these marsupials in New South Wales in 1889 was estimated to be over 4,000,000, and yet about 500,000 kangaroos and 350,000 wallabies were destroyed in the colony in that year.

A bonus of 16 cents for each kangaroo killed is offered in Australia; hence the colonists are gradually exterminating these native animals. Over half a million skins are annually shipped to England and a large number to North America to be converted into leather.—Hardwick's Science Gossip.

Effecting a Settlement.

"On one occasion," remarked a well known Methodist minister who had been a circuit rider in the mountains of North Carolina, "a man from a neighboring county swooped down on our side and carried off the wife and mule of one of my church members. There was an immediate agitation, and in the midst of it I arrived. A consultation was held, and it was decided that I should go as peacemaker and embassador and effect a settlement. Just before I started the bereaved husband called me to one side for private conference.

"'I reckon, parson,' he said, 'that you oughter to know my feelin's in this thing.'

"'Of course—certainly,' I assented.

"'Well, I tell you what you do. Don't be brash about it ner focety, for I'm a man uv peace, but ef he'll give you $47 in money for the mule you needn't ter say a doggone word about the ole woman.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Nonsense About Tomatoes.

An idea has gained currency during the past few years that the tomato as an article of diet is liable to produce or encourage the terrible disease of cancer, and not long ago it was also stated that the use of this vegetable had been forbidden at the Cancer hospital. So widely spread has this notion become that Dr. Marsden, chairman of the medical committee of the Cancer hospital, London, has thought it advisable to give it official contradiction.

He says that his committee has been inundated with letters on this subject, and he begs publication for the following statement, which we hope will settle the matter once for all. It is the opinion of the committee "that tomatoes neither predispose to nor excite cancer formation, and that they are not injurious to those suffering from this disease, but on the contrary are a very wholesome article of diet, particularly so if cooked."—Chambers' Journal.

Selling Thermometers.

While talking of his experiences at Old Point Comfort, Chauncey M. Depew told this story:

"At Fort Monroe it was necessary to have an equable temperature in my wife's room. To accomplish that result I went to the store for a thermometer, and the enterprising proprietor placed six on the counter. They all marked a different temperature, and between the highest and lowest was a difference of 10 degrees. 'Great Scott! my friend,' I said, 'with these I shall never know whether it is necessary to leave the window open or to build a fire.' Bound to make a sale, the proprietor said, 'Well, Mr. Depew, suppose you take them all over and try them and keep the one that suits the best.'"—New York Sun.

Old Silver In Paris.

The Rue de Provence is the home of the secondhand dealer in artistic wares. He is a greater power than the American pawnbroker and has a much cleaner reputation. To wander among these quaint stores is as much in vogue with the moneyed world as with the moneyless. Silverware is there in large quantities and includes every serviceable object from a souvenir spoon to a 5 o'clock tea set. All this mass has the tarnish of age and neglect to tell against its beauty, but a little polishing powder rejuvenates it, and it passes out to be recognized among its brand new fellows.

A remarkable set of souvenir spoons came under my notice in one of these stores. The half dozen represented Napoleon and his generals. Only the heads of the famous men were visible on the handles, but they were wrought with a perfection that would have done credit to a photographer. The bowls of the spoons were lined with gold, and the price of the whole combination was only equivalent to $7.

It is worth a visit to the Rue to see the piles of small trinkets that gather dust in the windows. A number of seals are 3-inch pieces of silver that show up exquisite carving. I saw one that represented the birth of Christ, with the stable surroundings brought out in surprising detail.—Cor. Jewelers' Review.

The St. Gothard Tunnel Dethroned.

The great St. Gothard tunnel, which was begun Oct. 1, 1872, and finished in 1880, is 9½ miles in length and cost $196.40 per foot throughout. At present it is the Titan of all the world's tunnels. "These cannot last forever," however, and by the end of 1895 St. Gothard will be dethroned, the great Simplon tunnel, now in course of construction, coming in with the title of "largest and longest tunnel in the world." This new claimant for Titanic honors is being built to supersede the famous "route of the Simplon," a road over the mountains which was constructed by the first Napoleon.

The Simplon tunnel will be almost one-fourth longer than the now celebrated St. Gothard, its total length from opening to opening being, according to expert calculations, 12¼ miles. In short, it is almost exactly three times the length of the St. Gothard. The old "route of the Simplon," which will be practically abandoned when the tunnel is completed, is about 38 miles in length. At present it takes 12 long hours to cross the Simplon route. When the tunnel is finished, less than a half hour will be consumed in making the trip.—St. Louis Republic.

The United States Capitol.

The United States capitol at Washington is one of the most majestic buildings in the world. It was first begun in 1793, when the north wing was founded. This was finished in 1800, and the south wing was begun in 1811. The building was burned by the British in 1814, and rebuilding did not begin until 1817. In 1851 the new extensions began, the house of representatives first occupying its present hall in 1857, the senate its present quarters in 1859. The dome was constructed between 1856 and 1865. The cost of the building has exceeded $20,000,000. The dome is 307 feet high and 135 in diameter, contains 4,000 tons of iron, arranged to move during atmospheric changes like the unfolding of a lily.

The rotunda beneath is 96 feet in diameter and 180 feet high. The extreme length of the building is 751 feet; extreme breadth, 324. It covers 153,112 square feet of ground. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the material of the central structures yellowish sandstone painted white; of the wings, white marble, tinged with blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Recreations of Great Men.

The favorite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, "bragged more, spelled worse and painted better than any artist of his day." Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for 10 guineas."—Chambers' Journal.

Brignoli and His Age.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brignoli, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it 30 years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"—New York Tribune.

Do We Talk Money?

There is one feature about Americans that I never can reconcile myself to. It is that, go where you will, to a gentleman's house, his club or any other meeting place, I find that money is spoken of directly or indirectly. In all other civilized parts of the world money is "tabooed" as an article of civilized word diet. Is it really gentlemanly to make it a subject of conversation among the best people or have I fallen among the second or third class?—An Englishman in New York Sun.

All the Signs.

Winks—Who is that long haired gen ius with cotton in his ears?

Jinks—Um—a music teacher probably.—New York Weekly.

PARLIAMENTARY HUMORS.

Historical Incidents That Relieved the Tedium of Political Debate.

The house of commons now scruples to adjourn on account of Derby day, but in early times it indulged in a holiday upon occasions which modern readers must consider still more strangely inadequate. Horace Walpole mentions in his memoirs that in March, 1751, the house adjourned to attend at Drury Lane theater, where Othello was to be acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family.

Again in February, 1781, a bill introduced by Mr. Burke with reference to the civil list was read for the first time, but the second reading was deferred to that day fortnight, "because the 21st was to be a feast day and the 22d was the benefit of Mme. Vestris, the favorite French dancer at the opera."

Even when in session the house was much given to amuse itself with petty or frivolous incidents, as is shown by some singular entries preserved in the official records. Under date May, 1604, it is noted that a jackdaw flew in at the window. This was considered ominous, and apparently it proved a bad omen for the bill in debate, as the measure was soon afterward rejected. Again we are told by the veracious state chronicler that in May, 1614, "a dog came into the house, a strange spaniel, mouse colored."

About 170 years later it is recorded that another canine intruder entered the house, taking his seat before the speaker and all the government. Not content to remain a silent spectator, the dog joined in the proceedings by barking loudly. Lord North, then prime minister, was speaking and jocularly appealed to the speaker, saying, "Sir, I am interrupted by a new member."

The dog unabashed did not take the hint, but resumed his barking, whereupon the good humored premier kept up the joke, protesting that "the new member had no right to speak twice in the same debate." In much more recent times almost equally trifling episodes have been known to relieve mightily the tedium of political contention.—Chambers' Journal.

Eggs In the Nest of the Pelican.

I have been informed that the brown pelicans steal eggs from one another's nests in order to fill their complements, or at least take possession of those they find lying on the ground and roll them into their nests. Although this does not seem at all likely for various reasons, I cannot dispute it authoritatively, and, moreover, there were strong proofs that such was the case in many nests that I examined in Florida. These nests, which were near together, often contained four eggs, never more, one to three of which were ready to hatch, the others being fresh or nearly so.

And, again, there would be eggs in the same nest with young over a week old or young of ages quite 10 days' variation. But one point was ever observable, the young or eggs or both, never exceeded four in number, showing, even if the charge of abduction is proven, that the old birds know their limit.—Dr. Marion Gibbs in Science.

When Oysters Were Used For Fuel.

The "raising" of ore and the manufacture of iron therefrom was the leading industry of south Jersey during the early part of this century. Charcoal was the fuel used and coalings were common throughout the "Pines." An active coaling is now seldom seen. Shells were hauled by wagon or rowed and poled by scow from the seashore for a flux, the oyster then being of more value for that purpose than for food. Better oysters could be picked from those shell heaps than can be bought at the stands today.

In a memorandum kept by the "master ore raiser" for one of the largest furnaces there are many interesting notices of large quantities of clams and rum bought and sold, but the oyster is never mentioned. These account books were decorated with the pictures of soldiers and warships, showing well the prevailing thought of those days.—John Gifford in Popular Science Monthly.

A Look to Your Necktie.

A well dressed man needs to give attention to three details of his dress—his hat, his necktie and his shoes. He ought to be particular about his gloves too. The necktie is the all important. A new philosopher of clothes insists that every work of art demands a point of rest—a pivotal spot from which all the rest of the composition derives its significance. That point of rest he locates in the necktie. It is poor economy, this philosopher claims, to wear anything but the best neckties, no matter how expensive these may be. If it is cheap and shabby the entire wardrobe takes on that aspect. If it is rich and carefully disposed, even if the other garments are mediocre, it gives the impression of care and richness. So look to your necktie, Horatio.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Materials For the Dinner.

The materials for dinner should be the best obtainable, the meat good and the vegetables fresh. The cooking should be carefully and properly done. Indigestible things, or those which disagree with the individual, should be eschewed. After the meal, the diner should rest or have some light occupation for an hour, or, still better, two. He should neither undertake active physical exercise—not even moderately rapid walking—nor should he study, think over business or occupy his mind seriously in any way.—Boston Courier.

Making Over Old Electric Lamps.

It is said that a German firm in Munich is making a business of renewing the filament of incandescent lamps by a process which costs 25 per cent less than the operation of making new lamps. An opening is made in the glass globe at the upper end. The old filament is removed and a new one inserted, the latter being secured to the leading in wires by means of a new cement, which becomes a conductor when a current is passed through it. The lamp is sealed and exhausted as usual.—New York Telegram.

When Jackson's Nose Was Pulled.

Mr. James Carrigan, a venerable Baltimorean, was living in Alexandria, Va., on the memorable occasion when Lieutenant Randolph pulled President Jackson's nose. "Lieutenant Randolph," said Mr. Carrigan yesterday, "who was at sea in the service of the government, was at the death of the purser of the vessel appointed purser, and he was charged with appropriating $10,000 from the funds. He was tried and found guilty, and President Jackson said to him, 'You are not fit to associate with the chivalry of America.' Some time after that it happened that the president and a number of other persons left Washington to attend the laying of the cornerstone of the monument to Martha Washington. Their boat stopped at Alexandria, and Lieutenant Randolph boarded her and walked up to the president and began to take off his gloves.

"I wasn't there at that moment, but I was told that the president made some remark about there being no need to remove his gloves. Lieutenant Randolph suddenly stretched out his hand and pulled the president's nose. I saw Randolph running from the wharf as I was about to go on the boat to learn the cause of the commotion. I climbed up above the crowd to get a look at the president's nose, for every one of us felt that the whole country had had its nose pulled. Just then a man named Thomas said to Jackson, 'Mr. President of the United States, give me permission, and I will kill the villain,' to which I heard Jackson say, 'Thank you, I can fight my own battles.'"—Baltimore Sun.

A Bow That Paid Very Well.

A Kansas commercial traveler, while taking in the sights in Chicago, visited one of the principal horse marts of the city and discovered in the auctioneer, who was selling a beautiful team of carriage horses, a "formerly of Kansas" livery stable keeper, of whom he used to hire teams. The bidding was exciting, and the auctioneer had evidently taken the last bid and was crying: "Three hundred and seventy-five! Do I hear four? Going at three seventy-five! Going! Going! Third and last call, and"— Just then he caught the eye of the Kansas commercial traveler, who gave a "Chesterfield bow" in recognition, which the auctioneer took for a bid. "Four hundred I have. Who'll say four fifty? Going at four hundred. Going! Third and last call, and sold to the gentleman from Kansas."

The Kansas C. T. was in a quandary how to explain the mistake, when a gentleman stepped up to him and offered $50 for his bargain, which was accepted with alacrity. When the sale was over, the C. T. and the auctioneer had a cordial meeting, and in the course of the conversation the Kansas C. T. remarked that "politeness always pays" and produced the $50 he had just made as an evidence of the fact. It is needless to add that there was hilarity galore when the result of the Chesterfield bow became known.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Came From China.

When Mrs. Booth, the famous lecturer, traveled through Maine, her attention was called by an awkward little boy who shuffled in at a way station and with the gall of innocence sat himself down in the double seat that Mrs. Booth had pre-empted. She smiled and divided an orange with him. Then she quizzed the shy little stranger in the rusty garments.

"Do you travel much, my boy?"

"Never's on the cars before but twict, marm."

"Is that so? Why, where do you live?"

"China, marm."

"China! My! Aren't you a long way from home?"

"Yes'm, but I brought my dinner cos father said they'd ask like all creation for anything to eat circus day."

Mrs. Booth was very much worked up, for the thought flashed across her mind that this innocent looking youngster was guying her. She leaned forward and asked very sternly, "Little boy, when did you leave home?"

"This morning, marm."

"What are you talking about? Where is China?"

"It's over beyond Waterville a piece. You take the stage"— But Mrs. Booth turned to her book without waiting for more information upon the topography of Maine.—Lewiston Journal.

A Tree Five Thousand Years Old.

On the island of Teneriffe, one of the largest if not the very largest of the Canaries, about half way between the Porto Santo and the summit of the famous Pico de Tyde, the highest point of land on the island, stands the considerable town of Orotava, famous for its wonderful "dragon tree," the identical botanical specimen which Humboldt pronounced "the most ancient vegetable relic in the world." Humboldt made calculations on its age in several different ways and declared that it was between 5,000 and 6,000 years old. Sir John Herschel often alludes to it as the oldest tree in the world. For at least 20 centuries the Guanches used the immense hollow of this ancient tree as a temple of worship. Its eventful career was suddenly terminated in the summer of 1867, when it was uprooted and almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane.—St. Louis Republic.

The Labor of a Watch.

The little balance wheel of a watch vibrates five times per second. Imagine that this wheel, instead of swinging back and forth like a pendulum, should roll on continuously over a given surface. Its circumference in a gentleman's watch of ordinary size is 2½ inches, and it makes a sweep in each direction of abut three-fourths of its circumference. In other words, it would traverse in one second a distance measuring about 8½ inches. According to this computation, the balance wheel of a watch would travel in a year over a distance of 3,677 miles in round numbers, and it would take the little wheel just six years eight months to circumvolve the globe by way of the equator.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SUPERIOR

to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.

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State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Eadigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Abern, Fin Sec; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Eigsman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4320 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3803 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 25—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hinnet, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6339 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 29 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary, John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 152 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Keanedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1923 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P B Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 538 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Class and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 325 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Heusteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

Peculiarities About Tramps.

"A fact about your professional vagrant or tramp is that they never want to go back to the place from where they were sent," says a penitentiary superintendent. "For instance, if one is sent in from along the Susquehanna road, on his discharge he usually requests to be sent north, east or south, or any direction that will take him away from that in which he was apprehended.

"Only the other day a tramp sent from Otsego begged to be sent to Hudson. He begged so hard that I gave him a ticket to Hudson. The next day he was back again. 'They pulled me as soon as I stepped from the train,' he said. County officers, you see, are always on the lookout for tramps because of the mileage received for bringing them here. Work? No, they wouldn't show any inclination or desire for work if they had to lay in the penitentiary for months. But we compel them to earn their keep, very much to their disgust. Usually I set them to work cane seating chairs."—Albany Journal.

Mrs. Mossman Was Petrified.

In June, 1864, Mrs. Abigail Mossman was interred at the Hazelwood cemetery in Poweshiek county, Ia. Not long since relatives determined to remove the remains to another cemetery. The workmen engaged to perform the job found the coffin filled to overflowing with red colored mineral water. This was drained off, whereupon it was found that the corpse, with the exception of the fingers and toes, was perfectly petrified. The hair was perfectly natural, as was also a bouquet of roses that lay on her breast. After a thorough examination by relatives and friends the coffin was again closed and covered in.—St. Louis Republic.

A Kind Mistress.

It was raining in torrents.

"Julie!" said madam to her maid, "be quick and run across to the milliners and tell her not to forget my hat."

"Can I take Asor out with me, madam?"

"Are you mad, Julie? Can't you see for yourself that the weather is not fit to turn a dog out of doors!"—Evenement.

A military company at Elwood, Ind., has been mustered into the state service, with W. F. Vanarsdal as captain.

Charles Farr of Wabash, Ind., was given a verdict of $315 for false imprisonment against two Miami Indians, who had caused his arrest for alleged horse stealing.

At Oshkosh, Wis., the will of Andrew Thompson, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his young wife, has been sustained by the courts. His children by a former wife contested the will.

* * *

Jose Garcia, a prisoner in the California state prison at Folsom, made a break for liberty and was killed by guards as he was swimming across the American river.

L. O. Desforges, member of the New Orleans city council, shot and killed his brother-in-law, Peter McGuinn.

Fred Badgerm, George Lyons and William King were killed by the explosion of a glycerine house at Emporium, Pa.

Father George Deshon, acting superior of the Paulist fathers, graduated in the same class with General Grant, and was in service during the earlier years of the war.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so think that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

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ESTATE OF JAMES T. CARROLL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James T. Carroll, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 20, 1893.

MICHAEL M. O'CONNOR and MICHAEL T. CARROLL, Administrators of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County of the May Term, A. D. 1893. The Drovers' National Bank of the Union Stock Yards, a corporation, &c., vs. John H. Bani, Margaret Bani, Anton Wollweber, Patrick A. Turner, Julia Turner and the International Building, Loan and Investment Union of Chicago, Margaret Bani, widow, and the unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased. In Chancery. No. 108,616.

Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John H. Bani, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint, amended bill of complaint and the supplemental bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

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ESTATE OF JOHN J. MORRISSEY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of John J. Morrissey, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.

CATHERINE MORRISSEY, Executrix.

ESTATE OF LOUIS ROELLE, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Louis Roelle, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1893, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 26, 1893.

HANNAH ROELLE, Administratrix.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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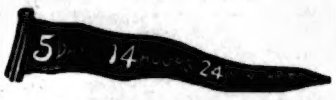

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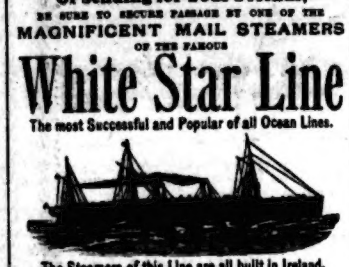

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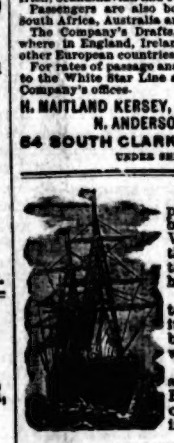

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